Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Morgan Rattler" has just been delivered to us; will the writer accept our thanks.

To the Secretary of the Norfolk Club, our acknowledgments are due for his report of the recent meeting.

"A Spectator," with his remittance, is before us—no room this week, but each in his turn.

The same reply we must make to P. of Florida.

The "Captain" is ever welcome, and shall receive immediate attention.

As to a "Leading Woman," we can only say, that we know of no one at present unengaged; but a press of duty has prevented us from making much inquiry. If any thing in that line should offer, T.'s commission shall be remembered.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

Although "we say it that shouldn't," the selections which will be found in our columns this week are worthy of the most attentive perusal. It would be wrong to let them all pass without a word of notice. In the first place, look to the third page, and you will find one of "Koondah's" most elaborate efforts, from the "New Monthly Magazine," detailing his pursuit of a famed tigress of the East, known by the name of "*The Man-Eater.*" If as many columns of spirit-stirring narration of sport can be found elsewhere, we should be glad to know it.

On the fifth page may be found the proceedings of "*A School Meeting*," for the presentation of a piece of plate to Dr. Latherump, by the young gentlemen of his establishment. If the reader has chanced to meet with examples of forensic display more moving than those offered in this short extract from "Fraser's Magazine," he will do well to point it out to some rival editor. But *the* article to explain which *this* article was written, commences on the top of the next page, and is yclept "*Rot your Ita'ianos.*" It is an article sound in spirit and eloquent in expression, from the immortal Blackwood. It reproves the extravagant fondness of the English fashionables for the music of Italy, in preference to the more simple and homely ballads of Ireland and Scotland. It is written with a power of eloquence, which would carry away the conviction of the reader, did it not awaken a suspicion that he who can appreciate so eloquently the sentiment of Irish and Scotch minstrelsy, cannot be so dead to the charms of harmony.—The whole object of this brief note is to protest, individually, against the unsound, untenable, positions of the author, who has so recommended himself by his nervous energy, and his elegance of language.

English Items.—We have crowded over on to the third page to-day, various interesting items of English sporting intelligence. The conclusion of the correspondence between Lord G. Bentinck and Mr. Shelly,—some interesting Yachting intelligence; a letter from Lord Bentinck to the editor of Bell's Life in London, on the subject of Primefit and the Holyoake Stakes, &c., are among the items

The third page of the paper we use as a safety-valve; we fill it with good readable stuff in the first instance, but if overrun with other matter by the end of the week, the contents of the third page are crowded out to give place to the more pressing copy.

This said, we recommend the reader to explore for himself the varied contents of this week's "Spirit."

THEATRICAL COURTESIES.

It would have been a grateful duty to record the prompt liberality of the Park management, in hastening as they did, to tender to the sufferers by the late destruction of the National theatre a free benefit at the former establishment, were it not for the spirit in which the offer was received by the sufferers. That we may not prejudge the case, the whole correspondence is subjoined:—

Correspondence.

Monday Evening, 10 o'clock.

Sir—The management of the Park Theatre feeling for the calamity that has overtaken the many persons attached to the National Theatre by the unfortunate conflagration of that edifice, avails itself of the first moment to offer them the use of the Theatre for a free benefit upon such a night, after Tuesday, as you or they may prefer. The entire proceeds, without deduction, will be paid to such committee as the sufferers may appoint for distribution among them. An early reply is requested, that the night may be announced immediately.

J. W. Wallack, Esq. E. Simpson.

Astor House, 11 o'clock, Monday night.

Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this evening. I have just handed it to Mr. Mitchell, who will communicate with you, doubtless, when he has shewn it to those whom it concerns. J. W. Wallack.

E. Simpson, Esq.

4 White street, 24th Sept., 1839.

Sir—Your note addressed to the management of the late National Theatre, tendering the offer of your establishment for a free benefit, having been read to a full meeting of the company, I am desired on their part respectfully to decline it. On the part of the company,

I have the honor to be, Sir, yours, W. Mitchell.

E. Simpson, Esq.

We do not recollect to have read anything in worse taste, and in a worse spirit, than the letters on the part of the National. We shall be well pleased to hear that the success of the company in their new location has put them beyond the need of benefits from the Park, or other theatres; but we never can be made to look with complacency upon *such* a refusal of so prompt and kind a tender of assistance from a rival establishment.

There are several grounds on which three or four friends of the National attempt to justify the tone of the correspondence, but each is weaker than the other. The weakest and most contemptible the "Star" of course adopts; that the letter of Mr. Simpson should have been addressed "*Dear Wallack*," instead of plain "Sir," and that there was ample ground for the cold and heartless reply of the company!!

But we have not room to go into the various considerations upon which this reply is justified; they are various, contradictory, and inconsistent. Nor is any reply to them wanted to justify the Park management in the opinion of the public; the sentiment of the community was never more united than on this occasion, and on all hands the correspondence on the part of the Park theatre is believed to have expressed in proper terms feelings of kindness and commisseration for the sufferers by the fire; while the spirit in which it was received and answered is regarded as insolent and heartless in the extreme.

DEER HUNTING AT THE WHITE SULPHUR.

Baltimore, Sept. 16, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—I am just from the White Sulphur, where I have been spending about two weeks most pleasantly. We had "Pete" there as large as life, with Mr. Clay and other *distingué* gentlemen. Pete seemed delighted with the springs, and enjoyed himself as much as any one I saw. He was out almost every day with the hunters. By-the-bye, we had the best hunt the other day, that I have yet seen at the springs. On the 5th or 6th of Sept., a strong party consisting of Col. Singleton, Col. Hampton, Messrs. Taylor, Pride, Wright, W. Hampton, Jr., Skinner of Baltimore, and several others, with your humble servant, turned out to punish the deer. James Calwell took his whole pack, with the addition of the Salt Sulphur reinforcement. After standing about half an hour, we heard Col. Hampton shoot both barrels, and those who knew the crack of the Westelly Richards, smacked their lips in anticipation of venison steaks, &c. A few minutes after his shot, we heard a most glorious burst in the mountain, accompanied by Calwell's "Tally ho," "those accents never heard too oft." The pack came sweeping on, making the welkin ring with sweeter music than ever was heard within doors, and creating in the bosoms of the standers that thrill of expectation known only to deer hunters. In a short time I had the pleasure of seeing a fine buck break cover, and make towards my stand. I gave him both barrels, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him—*run on.* However, he only went a few yards and dropped dead. In the meantime, Dr. Calwell rode up with the information that Col. H. had killed one, and crippled another. The dogs were cast off, on the trail of the wounded deer, and after as brilliant a run of a few minutes as ever I listened to, forced it out at my stand, where a buckshot from one barrel laid it out in its track. Col. H. had broken a hind leg and touched it in the body. The dogs would have caught it, but I was afraid it would get off some distance, and they would tear it. We returned home to dinner with three fine deer, and appetites as keen as razors. Yours truly, B.

THE ALBANIAN IN THE WEST INDIES—No III.

The island of St. Croix is considerably longer than it is broad, having a small town at each end; that on the east side called Christianstadt or Bassin, is the largest, and also the seat of government. West End, where we at present reside, has more the appearance of a village, the buildings being less compact, and having gardens or rather orchards attached to them. The greatest proportion of the town are free blacks, mulattoes, and of lighter shades of color; the whites are principally officers of the customs, merchants, and mechanics, and chiefly Danes by birth. The island is divided into about 150 plantations or estates, as they are called, each having its peculiar name.

Instead of speaking of Mr. Such-a-one's place, you say, Are you going to "*Prosperity*"? No, I think I shall take "*the Whim*" in my way, or else stop at "Sally's Fancy." On my return I believe I shall get to "*the Punch.*"

The average number of slaves on these estates is about 100, and they have their overseers and drivers. The planters instead of being such opulent nabobs as we imagine, are quite the reverse; each estate being involved to its value, and the produce insufficient to pay even the interest of the incumbrances. As a consequence, there is a constant change of owners. During the war in Europe, it was otherwise, a puncheon of sugar netted £50. Prosperity led to extravagance, and "Gentle peace returning," the fall of prices led to embarrassments and ruin. An astonishing depreciation of values took place, and estates which *were* at one time considered worth $80,000, are not now to be sold for $20,000. A house and lot which Mr. R—s bought ten years ago for 20,000 pieces of eight (each 64 cents) is not, with all the improvements, worth 4000. For the last fifteen years, the weather has been very dry. Sometimes a drop of rain does not fall in a year, the streams always small then dry up, and the cattle perish. We drink nothing but rain water, which is preserved in large cisterns, and put into goblets or unglazed pots to cool, before it is drank.

The beginning of the cane crop is in January. It is a curious sight to see the slaves "*holding*" the ground. They start in a line to the number of 50 or 60, men and women, and with hoes raise the earth in parallel ridges, which are so made as to hold all the rain that falls. The cane is broken by windmills which rise all over the island, and they are beginning to rig up their sails for the approaching crop. For every shower, (which the planter hails as a God-send) he gives a dinner, and opens a basket of champagne; and as the weather has been rather wet of late, the corks fly upwards in considerable numbers. Some times a cloud passing over, drops a light shower on *Petronella* while *Good Hope* is untouched, and becomes desperate!

No attention is paid to horticulture, for every thing seems spontaneous.

But I have forgotten to allude to the changes of condition which have taken place in the island, in consequence of the vicissitudes in its trade.

I know an instance where an immense property was divided among heirs, one of whom contrary to the wishes of her friends, married a clerk from P——a. Now, her brothers and sisters have not a penny left, while the clerk is one of the few men of property on the island, and is worth $300,000!

An old blind lady in town, who is charitably furnished with food from our boarding house, went to school in her coach and four, and was the reputed heiress of a million! The Governor-general, however, makes up for the poverty of the islanders by his own display. His yearly income is $60,000, and his establishment is really an elegant one. The ball which I attended recently at the Governor's house, was given in a room which is nowhere equalled in the United States. I could furnish much information as to the mode of getting in the crops, and my statistics are full and ample as to the population and resources of the island. I may append them to the conclusion of this series, but at present, an intention of extending our tour, will prevent my troubling you with them.

St. Thomas, Feb. 28.—After getting our passports from the Secretary of State's office, countersigned by the Judge of the Fredericstadt Police Court, we bade farewell to our friends at St. Croix, and embarked in the schooner Margaret, commanded by Capt. Lucas, "a gentleman of color."

As the sails gradually yielded to the impulse of the wind, we passed the fort, and were soon abreast of the beach to the north of the town, where rose in gloomy relief, a black gallows, and at its side four posts, each at the head of a grave, on which, the following morning, were to be placed the heads of four slaves convicted of burning the sugar works on a plantation, the *last* year. As the negroes rarely betray each other, it was for a long time utterly impossible to discover the criminals, when the Governor-general undertook the investigation in person. He went down to the estate, called the gang before him, and informed them that they should all work an hour earlier and an hour later every day, Sundays included, until the offenders were discovered. This was a most sagacious plan of the Governor, since Sunday is the negro holiday, on which they dispose of their fruits, and have their dances. After the gang had endured the extra labor for upwards of *six months*, one made confession as king's evidence, and the others acknowledged their guilt. They gave as their excuse, their desire to get rid of an obnoxious manager.

March 1st. After a short run of seven hours, we have cast anchor in the harbor of St. Thomas. We are quite surprised at the number of vessels around us. Every nation here displays its flag, and the stripes and stars are by no means in the minority. The harbor is a fine one, being the large segment of a circle, surrounded by lofty hills, and open only to the south, where, however, is very inconveniently situated a rock, and even now, the ribs of a fine vessel lie rotting upon its surface. On the north side of the amphitheatre, rises the town of St. Thomas, though its true name is Charlotte Amilie. The principal street on which are situated the warehouses, runs round the bay—there are no wharves, for they could not withstand the hurricanes. The shops and warehouses are only one story high, built of stone and roofed with tiles. They are filled with merchandize from every part of the world, which is hence shipped throughout the Spanish main,—St. Thomas being a free port.

The bustle of business is very great, and there are arrivals and departures every hour. There are more Spanish mercantile houses than any other. The Americans come next, then the French, and lastly the Danes.

After our steward had refreshed us with a cup of coffee, we landed, and proceeded to our proposed lodgings, kept by Maria Scott, a colored woman. We found there a French admiral, a fine portly man about 50 years old, whose ship was lying at the mouth of the harbor. He was accompanied by some of his officers. The U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis, had sailed for St. Croix the morning of our arrival.

After breakfast we strolled through the town, which seemed to be populated with yellow women and boys, and a few French and Spanish whites.

To day, being Saturday, we went to the synagogue, which is next door to us, that is, about 40 feet over our heads. The service commenced at 7 o'clock in the morning, and caused so much noise as to astonish me. There was an altar in the centre, an old man in a black robe was officiating, and the congregation seemed to consist of half a dozen Jews and two Jewesses, the former with their hats on, and white surplices thrown over their shoulders. They occupied themselves in a noisy sort of chant,—as fast as one sett was tired out, another came in, and so they continued till mid-day. The Jews are very numerous here.

March 2d, Sunday. Rose at 7, and was served with a dish of strong coffee. We proceeded on another ramble, to explore the wonders of the place. The Market-place is an open Square, the area filled with wenches sitting around and talking all at once *à la* Babel. The French retail shops are attended by women, and plenty of restaurants and cafés are to be found. We passed two grave-yards, which appeared well filled, and where the insignia of death appeared to be black crosses, and semi-circles above them. This latter memento we could not make out. We passed two Catholic churches, at which service had commenced, and to which were thronging crowds of yellow women, decked with brilliantly colored turbans, and followed by black boys carrying their books.

We find it tolerably dull here after all, and our routine of life is monotonous.

March 5. A Danish Captain of a Baltimore built brigantine has been holding out hopes to us of a trip to New Orleans, but as some Spaniards are negotiating for the purchase of his vessel to make her a slaver, we begin to doubt. "Black wool and ivory," under which name the Porto Rico Custom House, it is said, permits the entry of slaves, are still valuable articles of commerce in this part of the world.

The Slave-trade appears to be as flourishing as ever. The vessels, owned by Yankees as well as Spaniards, are fitted out with muskets, hatchets, and other *ad captandum* articles, to be given as a quid pro quo, for live cargoes. A daring worthless crew, and a dare-devil Captain, sail for the coast of Guinea, where they buy the negroes from their own countrymen at the rate of $10 per head, and stow away 100 for every twelve tons. They make for Porto Rico, fighting their way and throwing overboard the negroes, if they meet an armed vessel, or if not enter them at the custom house, paying a duty of $25 per head. Here the cargo brings $250 a head, and an immense profit is made after all deductions. They generally sail under Spanish colors, and if taken, the slaves are brought to Cuba, and apprenticed for a certain number of years to the planters, who buy their time. There is said to be an understanding between them and the slavers, so that the latter are paid the market price, and the planters, by making an annual return of the *deaths* of their apprentices, manage to obtain possession of the whole.

A merchant of St. Croix told me that a slaver in St. Thomas, who had his cargo in the harbor of the latter place, offered him $10,000 if he would assist him in smuggling them into the former island.

You may judge from these circumstances, that the population of St. Thomas is not the most scrupulous, yet there are many exceptions among the resident merchants, who are attracted by a free port, and the prospect of rapidly realizing large fortunes. Yours.

HARKAWAY AND KREMLIN.

Mr. Editor,—My attention having been called to a paragraph in your last Sunday's paper, headed "Harkaway and Kremlin," I shall take the liberty of making a few observations in vindication of my character, which your paragraph is calculated to injure. I apprehend that when you wrote the paragraph, you must have been entirely ignorant of the state in which Harkaway was when he was started for the Wolverhampton Cup. You could not have known that he was unprepared for the race, not having had a canter since Goodwood, and that he was actually plated on the ground, his trainer not being aware of any intention to start Kremlin till he was mounted, having brought Gilbert Gurney out of the same training stables to canter with Harkaway, merely to save his stake and to get the £50 added. I was myself ignorant of Harkaway's condition until a few minutes before the race, when I received my orders. I rode to the orders I received, and without presuming to say whether the horse was well or badly ridden, I must say that any judge of racing must know, that in Harkaway's state it was impossible to ride him too tenderly, or without reserving what condition he had for the last struggle.

Your statements that I "let the Irishman out at the distance-post," and that "Kremlin was dreadfully distressed, while Harkaway appeared none of the worse for the run," are maliciously incorrect, as every judge who saw the race and Harkaway after the race can testify.

My only surprise at the race was, that Harkaway was so near winning, and if he had not been the gamest horse alive, he never could have been where he was. Hoping that you will kindly do me the justice to insert this, I am, Sir,

Lichfield, Aug. 21, 1839. G. Calloway.

[In justice to Mr. Calloway we insert the above. We were not at Wolverhampton, the account of the races being taken from the "Staffordshire Examiner," and so stated by us; but we had the information contained in the article alluded to from a well-known and highly-respected correspondent, who is resident at Wolverhampton.] Sunday Times.

Nonchalance.—We saw a fine fellow yesterday call for a "gin and bitters," when the bar-keeper told him to pay up his old score first. "Why, Mike," said the fellow, "if I owe you anything *I'll drink it out with you.*" Picayune.

ROT YOUR ITALIANOS!

BY A MAN BEHIND HIS AGE.

"Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" At the risk of being excommunicated from civilized society for the next twenty years, I honor the memory of the country mayoress, who gave vent to her outraged nationality in that most passionate and unsophisticated ejaculation. The spirit which gave birth to it was British to the backbone—a despiser of fashions, and a hater of Frenchmen. I can picture her to my mind's eye, seated by the side of her magisterial spouse on the front bench in the Town-Hall, glorious in crimson velvet and orange trimmings, majestic in feathers and furbelows, pre-eminent in paste, and magnificent in mosaic gold—listening, with open mouth and kindling eye, to the "uptrilled strain" of some one of those great metropolitan stars, which every now and then condescend to shoot like meteors through our rural hemisphere, to turn the heads and empty the pockets of the wondering yeges by their "most sweet voices." I can fancy her speechless astonishment at the first of the unknown tongue upon her unprepared ear—her glance of dignified expostulation at the unheeding man of semiquavers—and, finally, her indignation at the audacity which offers such an insult to her understanding, bursting forth, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, in that most energetic of anathemas—"Rot your Italianos!"

How far my taste and that of the worthy lady in question might coincide in the selection of our "simple ballats," I cannot of course presume to decide; but, however we might happen to differ in the application, in principle we are one:—Rot your Italianos!—give me something I can understand.

I shall never forget the first time I ever went to the Italian Opera. Indeed, her Majesty's Theatre (alas that the theatre, *par excellence* her Majesty's, should be the only theatre in London where her Majesty's mother-tongue is never spoken!) was the first playhouse in which I ever set my foot, and my anticipations were magnificent—though to attempt to describe them, after Charles Lambe's delightful account of a similar epoch in his existence, would be worse than idle. Tap, tap, tap, went the conductor's baton, and crash went the whole orchestra at once;—but what was the overture to one whose eyes were riveted upon the curtain, and whose whole soul was wrapt in expectation of the wonders it concealed? I have listened with delight since then to many a noble overture; but at that moment, had it been an angel's lyre, as far as I was concerned, its strings would have been swept unheeded. To me the play, and the play only, was the attraction—of course I need not say that of the nature of an opera I had but a very imperfect conception. I knew that there would be a good deal of singing, but I had no notion there was to be nothing else; and I knew also that I should not understand the language to be spoken: but I thought that, if the performance were but true to nature, I might be able, at any rate, to make a tolerably good guess at what was going on, and I pleased myself not a little by the anticipation of my own success in this conjectural species of interpretation. Well, the overture, endless though it seemed, nevertheless gave the lie to appearances, and ended at last. Up went the curtain—and behold! a gentleman with an unexceptionable moustache, and a spick-and-span new suit of "complete steel," amusing himself with parading backwards and forwards before a castle gate only covered with ivy, and chanting at the top of his voice, in what Hamlet calls "very choice Italian." Now I, knowing nothing in the world of "that soft bastard Latin," and not being beforehand acquainted with the details of the story to be enacted, very naturally concluded, from the armor and uplifted voice, that the worthy gentleman—for he was too smart for a warder—was somebody or other of moderate personal courage, who was supposed to be going about his business in a neighborhood of indifferent reputation, and singing as he went, either to let any lurking clerk of St. Nicholas understand that he was by no means timorous, or, for the old classical reason, because he happened to have no superfluity of broad pieces in his breeches pocket, and consequently nothing to apprehend. As I afterwards learned, I never was more mistaken in my life—but that is anticipating. Well, after a proper quantity of walking, and ditto of singing, enter on the opposite side another gentleman, (whom, for the sake of perspicuity, I will call No 2,) with a drawn sword and an inflamed countenance. Suddenly perceiving Gentleman No. 1, he stops, and thunders forth three lines of double bass, to which the individual so addressed responds in twice as many of counter-tenor, drawing *his* weapon also at the close of the sixth; whereupon Gentleman No. 2 turns his back unceremoniously upon Gentleman No. 1, and fortifies his spirits with a considerable quantity of gesticulation, and a trifle more of the double-bass. As it was now pretty evident that he was working himself up into a very murderous disposition towards Gentleman No. 1, I was delighted to observe the Christian forbearance of the latter individual, in not taking an advantage of so favorable an opportunity for smiting Gentleman No. 2 under the fifth rib at once; but I suppose that he, like a swan, had a sort of presentiment of his approaching latter end, and was determined to have another song before he took his departure: for when Gentleman No. 2 had ceased, and was most heroically "winking and holding out his iron" before his eyes, he very composedly treated us to another five minutes, in a somewhat more warlike key; and then at it they went like a couple of game-cocks, till the predestined Gentleman No. 1 received a lunge in tierce, which I thought must have most effectually and immediately given him his quietus. But no;—rearing himself on his elbow, and fixing on Gentleman No. 2 a glance of the most withering scorn and intense detestation, he spake once again, and to my extreme astonishment, like Southey's Enchantress, "still his speech was song,"—clear, loud, sustained, "as though he felt no wound," until suddenly the uplifted voice and body fell together, and the unfortunate Gentleman No. 1 breathed his last in B flat.

I would go on to tell how there came on a "fayre ladye," weeping and wailing, and tearing her "lang, lang yellow hair," and how she knelt by the side of the defunct Gentleman No. 1, and how she endeavored to recal what the newspapers denominate "the vital spark," by a bravura of a quarter of an hour's duration; and how an elderly gentleman, with a cracked voice and cranium to match, which latter was his only excuse for not knowing better, made dishonorable proposals to the said fair one, in a very long-winded solo for a Sexagenarian; and how, after much sorrow and trouble, the lady, towards the middle of the third act, after singing a passionate song over a small phial of poison, swallowed the contents at a gulp; and how the audience were treated to a specimen of an Italian coronach by fifteen young maidens, all with tresses carefully dishevelled, and as many serving-men in disordered liveries, headed by a Coryphæus in the person of the aforementioned old gentleman, by this time driven by remorse into a state of "very midsummer madness." But I should seem as one that mocketh to many a worthy and simple-minded country cousin, and I forbear. I have never been to the Italian Opera from that day to this. I look upon it as the greatest outrage to common sense that ever was perpetrated. I regard a ballet with a far more lenient, and even favorable eye. The ballet is a great philosophical experiment to ascertain the maximum degree of indecency which the eye of the most moral public is able to endure without flinching; but which, alas! seems destined, like too many meritorious undertakings, never to accomplish its object. My friend the mayoress would doubtless have preferred and old-fashioned "threesome reel" to all the elegant improprieties of the "poetry of dancing."

Honestly and seriously, it gives me more pleasure to hear even a street organ play a simple old English air, than it would to occupy the very choicest stall in the whole Italian Opera House; and yet (though I fear I shall provoke nearly as many sneers as I shall have readers) I claim to be counted among the lovers of music. The dramatic part of the business to me is so irresistibly ludicrous, that the beauty of the music (and far be it from me to deny that of Italy its due share) is lost and gone in the utter absurdity of the *tout ensemble*. I cannot yield myself to any illusion at a spectacle so unnatural. I can no more sympathize with a hero who lives, loves, eats, drinks, fights, and dies singing, than I can sympathize, like the *Morning Herald*, (admirable, an editor though he be,) with a condemned murderer. I know many a sweet air, from many an opera, which I can drink in, again and again, with ever fresh delight; but it must not be within the walls of a theatre; there must be no tinsel and trappings—no footlights and finery—the air, the whole air, and nothing but the air—no "chromatic tortures" of "quaint recitativos;"—and then I will sit and cry—"Play on—let me have more of it!" till the fair fingers of the minstrel grow weary of their task, and the silvery voice pleads their excuse so sweetly, that the melody of art is forgotten in that of nature.

A theatre is not, to my thinking, the proper place for vocal music; or, perhaps, it may be nearer the truth to say that vocal music is, for the most part, so awkwardly introduced in our drama, that I am apt unthinkingly to find fault with the practice, instead of confining my censure to its abuse. Nine-tenths of the songs which we hear upon the stage are so lugged in by the head and shoulders, that we cannot be surprised if they suffer from the operation. People in plays sing, for the most part, exactly when nobody in his senses would dream of their being musical. Companies of banditti rove about, shouting out a chorus which cannot by any possibility fail to betray their whereabouts; young gentlemen, head over ears in love, chant beneath their mistresses' windows with a strength of lungs which must infallibly awaken the most snoring and somnolent of papas; and wicked little soubrettes display their vocal powers in the drawing-room, at the immense risk of being turned out of the house, at a minute's warning, by their justly infuriated "missus."

No modern play-wright seems to have the slightest notion that there is a time proper for singing, and a time proper for holding one's tongue. Shakspeare introduced songs, and why shouldn't they? True; but Shakspeare never went a single inch out of his way to accommodate a song. His men and women sing exactly as men and women ought to do—at the proper time, and in the proper manner; two requisites which we, who sing away, "ab ovo usque ad mala," have most unaccountably lost sight of. I quote the following words from the very last number of Mags, without curtailment, partly for the excellence of the criticism, and partly because they supplied the hint for these, my present rude lucubrations:—"Joanna Baillie," says the critic, for he is speaking of no less a name, "takes care to make no people sing in situations in which it is not natural for them to do so; the songs are all sung by *those who have little or nothing to act*,—[so Amicus, in *As you Like It*,]—and introduced when nothing very interesting is going on; and they are supposed not to be spontaneous expressons of sentiment in the singer, but, as songs in ordinary life usually are compositions of other people, which have been often sung before, and which are only generally applicable to the present occasion. In these few words, which are nearly all her own, this great poetess has laid down the principles on which alone can any musical drama be constructed agreeably to nature."

So much for theatrical song-singing: though, by the way, I have yet another crow to pick with it before I leave it, inasmuch as the better the song is sung, the more it tends, by producing an *encore*, to dispel still further the fading illusion of the stage. The grand object of the drama is, of course, to "hold the mirror up to nature," that it may admire (which it might do without vanity) its own beauties, and see and amend its own follies and deformities. Foremost among its secondary aims, I take to be the endeavour to impress the spectator with a belief, as far as such a thing is possible, that the scenes which pass before his eyes are not fictions but realities—to make him give himself up to the illusion of the moment, annihilating both time and space from the instant the curtain rises—transporting himself through centuries, and across oceans—undergoing a living metempsychosis—now a "royal Dane," and now an "antique Roman,"—and subsiding into his pristine John Bullism only when some second-rate son of the buskin glides delicately from behind the curtain, to announce the entertainments of the morrow. I do not know whether or no my principle be correct; but, be that as it may, it is that upon which I like to act myself, if the gods would only allow me. But no, the powers of the one-shilling gallery are a straight forward, matter-of-fact race of deities, that have no notion of being deluded in any way whatever; tailor outsqueaks tailor, barber out-bravos barber, baker outclaps baker, butcher outwhistles butcher; the play stands still, the actors return to their old attitudes, the song is sung again; and Miss Snevellicci, act as she will, is, for the rest of the evening, Miss Snevellicci, and Miss Snevellicci only. I never yet saw Richard dream or die a second time; but, should it ever be the pleasure of the British public to demand such an effort (and there are many things, as far as I see, more improbable,) I could regard the exhibition with exactly the same degree of complacency. But I am running away from my friend the mayoress.

I suppose a lady of fashion now a-days would as soon think of admitting that she did not adore Italian music, as she would of confessing her age. For my part, I look upon our Italianizing dames pretty much as sturdy old Juvenal looked upon the Græcizing patricians—"non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam urbem." There is no end to our unnatural adoptions—"Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes"—Italians, and French, and Germans—the Swiss family This, and the Dutch family That, and the Russian family T'other—Chanteurs, Montagnards, Siffleurs, and Chinchoppers—Alpine minstrels, and Bohemian minstrels, and minstrels from the Lord knows where; verily, the plague of foreigners is upon us, and of all live plagues defend me from this! Were the evil confined to the boards of the Opera-House, or the purlieus of Leicester Square, I should not mind it so much, though it would still be bad enough. But this is, alas! far from being the case. Read a programme of a fashionable morning concert—the probability is, that you will not find one English song in the list. Walk into a fashionable drawing-room, and ask Miss Mary or Miss Caroline to favour you with a little music—fifty to one she strikes up some Italian rigmarole, of which you understand not a syllable, but which you are bound to pronounce the most beautiful thing you ever heard in your life, as you would escape being set down for a greater Goth than even Alaric himself. An English audience, "gaping for wonderment" at a modern morning concert, puts me strongly in mind of a congregation of Roman Catholics at their devotions. They are alike most admiring and devout listeners to a service, of the meaning of which nine-tenths of them have no more comprehension than a cow has of mathematics. But the evil does not stop at morning concerts and crowded soirées; like the frogs of Egypt, it invades our very chambers, and takes its station unresisted by our parlour firesides—those very citadels of John Bullism—our very children of ten years old practise bravuras, and prattle of Donizetti.

The honest old English song never was at a greater discount than in this most musical age. We do not get a decent one once a-year; and, when we have that luck, it endures only for a week. Our modern fashionable ballads are the most execrable compounds of mawkish sentimentality that ever melted the soul of a nursery-maid—full of pale high brows, and dark flashing eyes, and long flowing tresses of raven blackness—strong spirit-yearnings, and heart-tempests of appalling violence. Unhappy music appears doomed henceforth to a perpetual state of ancient maidenhood; for there is no longer any "immortal verse" to marry her to. Even good music, when burthened with the trashy words with which these days are afflicted, is, to my thinking, three parts ruined; but this is a matter about which our modern musicians trouble their heads very little—words are made for tunes, not tunes for words; and one would think they were made by contract into the bargain; sometimes they rhyme, and for the most part scan; but as to any thing beyond, why, a black swan would be nothing to the rarity. Our list of modern song-writers (I do not mean mere "metre-ballad-mongers," and Haynes-Baley-ites, but good honest song-writers) is small indeed; of living ones we have scarcely any. Moore seems to think he has done enough, and so he has, for fame; for there is immortality enough and to spare in the Irish melodies. Allan Cunningham has written several stirring strains—why is his pen idle? Poor Captain Morris is dead!—peace to his manes! his songs (and so were Dibdin's) were superb in their way—that is, when men were reasonably well advanced in the second bottle. Of Burns, I fear I may say, little but the name is known in these parts, save to a few. Walter Scott has written some glorious songs, but who sings them? and last, "not least in our dear love," Felicia Hemans has penned some strains of passing beauty, which one would think the world would willingly not let die; yet, are all these passing away silently to their oblivion, to be recalled, now and then, only by such old-fashioned folks like myself and the mayoress.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scottish melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I could listen to "Auld Robin Gray," and "Ye banks and braes," and "My love is like the red red rose," and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption "grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles—which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical "working-day world." The concert-room with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings; we are no more *touched* by "Vivi tu," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "All round my hat," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot *enjoy* music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavors to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the Shebir's fire, be wholly extinguished. To revel in the full luxury of music, I must have no hired minstrel, no crowded benches, no glare of lamps, no "bustle, squeeze, row, gabbery, and jaw:"—I must have a still calm eve, in some quiet bower far removed from the "hum of human cities," with "one fair spirit for my minister," who needs not to ask or to be told what string to strike—one who loves, as I love, the "auld warld sangs" and simple melodies of a more simple generation—one whose purer taste rejects the

——"Shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,
That mar, not grace, an honest English song,"

but clings still to the "merit, not the less precious that we seldom hear it," the pathetic simplicity which nature prompts—whose heart is in the strain she wakens, forgetful for the time of external things, and breathing only in its own created atmosphere of harmony. This is to me a banquet at which there is no chance "that appetite should sicken, and so die." To such a feast I would even be selfish enough to wish no fellow guests. I would have no voice to break the spell—to startle the spirit from its trance of enchantment—to mar with the sounds of earth the tones which bless us with dreams of heaven.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:—

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do wont to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor; but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people—in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "Lines composed in a Concert-Room" are a host in my favor. Truly, indeed, does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoticed minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and trios," wants the feeling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

——"The home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;
The calentures of music, which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions!"

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

"Music," says Addison, "is to deduce its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."

To these "chromatic ears" it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience: but, though he has forsaken the national muse to attach himself with all the fervor of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more "ordinary" organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains "which pleased of yore the public ear" shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayoress be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled "simple ballat." Blackwood's Magazine.

REMARKABLE AFFAIR.

A populous parish in England, bordering upon the counties of Suffolk and Essex, has recently been the theatre of some very singular proceedings. The Rev. Mr. C——, the rector, most respectably connected, and enjoying an income of 1,200*l.* per annum, some short time ago exhibited such unequivocal symptoms of what was considered to be mental hallucination, that his friends considered it was both necessary and prudent to place him under restraint.—The Rev. Gentleman contrived to elude the vigilance of his keeper, and to make his escape from the private madhouse. When he reached his rectory his first care was to arm himself with a brace of loaded pistols and a stiletto, and to provide a quantity of active and immediate poison. Thus prepared, he bade defiance to the civil authorities, and declared his determination to put any one to death who should attempt again to place him under restraint. The following Sunday, armed with his stiletto up his coat sleeve, and the poison in his pocket, he made his appearance in the church, ascended the pulpit, and preached to the astonished congregation. After service he invited a number of persons to a carouse in the churchyard. About forty guests met in this strange banqueting place, and enjoyed themselves with pipes and brandy and water. This state of things continued, the rector preaching in the formidable guise before detailed, and afterwards entertaining his friends in the churchyard. The respectable inhabitants were scandalised at these proceedings, and the magistracy were consulted as to the best mode of putting an end to them. Various plans were suggested, but no one could be found who had sufficient boldness to attempt the caption of the well-armed rector. In fact, the rector had taken such precautions that a surprise was out of the question. He had provided telescopes at each window, so that he could reconnoitre not only those who were approaching the rectory, but any one who entered the town. That he would also carry his threats against those who sought to recapture him into execution, was firmly believed, for on meeting the head constable he had held a loaded pistol to his head, and it was asserted that he was only prevented from discharging it by receiving a solemn assurance from the alarmed functionary that he not only had no instructions to take him into custody, but he never would make the attempt. Another constable, who fell under the rector's suspicion, did not come off so well. He was attacked and wounded with the stiletto, but he saved himself from further injury by using great exertion. As the local authorities were unwilling to encounter the danger of taking the Rev. Gentleman into custody, the magistrates resolved upon an application to the head metropolitan police office. Having stated the nature of the assistance required, an officer, remarkable for his determination and judgment in cases of difficulty, was sent down to the applicants to concert measures to effect the object they had in view. The officer was asked if he would go at once and take the rector, but with proper discretion he objected to take such a step, and suggested that the better course would be, in order to prevent mischief, to secure the rector by a stratagem. The officer then planned, in conjunction with another constable, a scheme to secure the Reverend Gentleman after he had performed divine service. It was arranged that the London officer should stand on one side the church porch, and the constable on the other, and when the rector made his appearance both were to pounce upon him and secure his hands. A number of gentlemen volunteered to close the church doors and keep in the congregation, as it was feared that the persons whom the Rev. Gentleman had treated, and who were under the impression that the whole affair was a sort of conspiracy, might attempt a rescue. This scheme was frustrated by the help of the Rev. Gentleman's telescopes, for having spyed two strangers coming into the place in a gig, the rector took the alarm and refused to preach that day. It was at length agreed upon to make a pretence of calling a vestry to elect an assistant preacher, and a large placard was affixed to the church door calling upon the parishioners to assemble on a particular day. The rector discovered the placard by the assistance of his telescope, sent his servant to know what it meant, and on being told, fell at once into the trap by declaring his intention to be present. A constable, who had been put up to the plan, called to advise the Reverend Gentleman to keep away. This, however, had the expected effect, for the Rev. Gentleman declared positively he would be present at the vestry. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, he made his appearance in the vestry-room, and the next step was to get possession of his hands, so as to do away with the possibility of using the deadly weapons with which he was presumed to be armed. The London officer undertook the affair. He held up a sort of note, and called out it was for the Rev. Mr. C——. The rector again fell into the trap, and beckoned the officer to give him the note. While he was reading it the officer suddenly darted upon him, threw him down, and the Rev. Gentleman in an instant was so secured as to be incapable of resistance. From his waistcoat pocket a paper of poison was taken, and from his coat-sleeve a stiletto; the pistols had been left at his house.

Medical men were sent for, and they conversed with the Reverend Gentleman; but he, it is said, spoke so rationally, that the doctors objected to give the requisite certificate. The magistrates, after a short consultation, decided upon holding the Rev. Gentleman in heavy bail to keep the peace, which, of course, being unable to procure, he is detained in custody.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The Hampshire Whig says, it once heard of a facetious person whose name was 'New,' who named his first child 'Something' as it was 'Something New.' His second was christened 'Nothing,' it being 'Nothing New.'

"Do you take a newspaper, neighbor?" "Yes." "What one?" *I take* all I can lay my hands on."

GLEANINGS FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

THE BRIGHTON STAKES.

We alluded in a former number to a correspondence between Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Shelley, which excited our risibles not a little. To understand the whole affair more distinctly, the reader should refer to our paper of the 14th inst. The following correspondence to the editor of "Bell's Life in London" appeared in that paper of the 1st inst.:—

Sir,—I enclose you copies of letters which have passed between Lord George Bentinck and me respecting his second letter to the Stewards of Brighton Races, which appeared in your paper of last Sunday. I trust, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, that you will find room for them in the Bell's Life in London of to-morrow I beg to subscribe myself, Sir, your obed't humble serv't.

Maresfield Park, Aug. 17, 1839. John Villiers Shelley.

COPY. Lewes, Aug. 15. 1839.

My Lord,—On the Lewes Race Course this day I have for the first time seen or heard of your second letter on the subject of the Brighton Stakes, and addressed to the Stewards of Brighton Races, which appears in the Bell's Life in London (Town Edition) newspaper of the 11th of August, containing the following words:—"Supported merely by the evidence of two gipsies, procured by Mr. Shelley and his trainer." I feel bound, in justice to myself, to request your Lordship to explain the meaning you attach to the above words.

I have the honor to be your Lordship's obed't humble serv't,

John Villiers Shelley.

The Lord George Bentinck, M. P., Harcourt House, Cavendish-square.

COPY. Harcourt House, Aug. 16, 1839.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of yesterday, I have no hesitation in assuring you that I mean nothing offensive to you in the words you wish to have explained in the letter which I addressed last Saturday to two of the Stewards of Brighton. If you will take the trouble to read my published letter attentively, you will see at once you have confounded the *verb neuter* with the *verb active*, used in my letter; and your formal application to me has been evidently founded in your own erroneous construction and misconception of the force and import of a verb, which I have used in the same sense in which, if you look in Johnson's Dictionary, you will see it is to be found used in Scripture, as well as in Milton, Dryden, and Shakspeare.

This being so, I shall refrain from adopting the formal style of your letter, and subscribe myself very faithfully yours. (Signed) G. Bentinck.

To John Villiers Shelley, Esq.

COPY. Maresfield Park, Aug. 17, 1839.

Dear Lord George Bentinck,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and to assure you that the explanation it contains is perfectly satisfactory to me.

Others, on reading your letter, having made the same mistake which it appears I did, between the *verb neuter* and the *verb active*, to prevent any further misconception, I think it best to send the correspondence which has passed between us to the Bell's Life in London, to be published in that paper to-morrow.

Believe me very faithfully yours, John Villiers Shelley.

The Lord George Bentinck.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.

PRIMEFIT AND THE HOLYOAKE STAKES.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir,—There is an error in your report of the Wolverhampton Races which I will thank you to correct. It is there stated that after the Members' Plate was won by Primefit, she was claimed "for Lord George Bentinck, who, on the following morning, expressed his determination to run for the Holyoake Stakes," &c. Now, the fact is, that Primefit was claimed by John Day, Jun., entirely upon his own responsibility, and without consulting me in any way, not for me, but for *Mr. Etwall*, one of his masters. Having so claimed her for Mr. Etwall, he thought it for her new master's interest that she should run and take her chance of winning the Holyoake Stakes; and he accordingly announced his intention of doing so; whereupon, Mr. Dawson, her late master (and trainer to Lord Eglinton), fearing she might possibly beat his master's horse, St. Bennett, in his disinterested and very proper zeal for his employer, at the expense of Primefit's forfeit, viz, £10, out of his own pocket, expressed his intention of striking her out of the race. This he did, under the impression that, though the mare was no longer his property, he had a right to control over all engagements entered into whilst she was in his possession. Upon this John Day asked me my opinion; when I gave him my opinion, that although, of course, the mare having been sold without her engagements, Mr. Dawson would have full power to strike her out of any engagements made in his name, and for the forfeits in which he would be responsible, he had no power to strike her out of any other engagements made in the names of others for which he was not liable, and for which the persons naming her, in common law—and the mare, in racing law, as well as the persons naming her—would be alone responsible. Such being my honest opinion of the law, I frankly stated it before the Steward, Mr. Holyoake, and before the clerk of the course; and the mare was eventually allowed to start, under protest from Col. Anson, on the part of Mr. Bowes, and of Mr. Dawson, on the part of Lord Eglinton; but, so far from having any interest whatever in the running of Primefit, my interest was entirely the other way. I had Ratsbane in the race, with whom I expected to be first or second (the second horse saving his stake); and from the apprehension of Primefit winning, which Mr. Dawson seemed to entertain, I was disposed to think her quite as dangerous an opponent as St. Bennett, and my interest, therefore, was in entire unison with that of Lord Eglinton and Mr. Bowes; but, having the clearest and strongest opinion of the right of Mr. Etwall to start Primefit, I could not honestly, on that account, abstain from expressing, at the request of Mr. Etwall's trainer, my very decided opinion upon the law.

Primefit having been beaten, and neither first nor second, the question will not be submitted to the decision of any higher authorities; but, upon inquiring into the precedents in like cases, I have since learnt from Mr. Weatherby that my exposition of the law was perfectly correct; and that Primefit, being named by Mr. W. Grazebrooke, and Mr. W. Grazebrooke not interfering in the matter, Mr. Etwall had an undoubted right to start her for the Holyoake Stakes, and Mr. Dawson would have no power to strike her out.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

Harcourt House, August 19, 1839. G. Bentinck.

KHOSREW MEHEMET PACHA.

On the 2d July Khosrew Mehemet Pacha took possession of his new office, which is that of *Sadrazan*, or Grand Vizier, and not that of Bach Vekil, as first said, the latter having been abolished. The greatest pomp was displayed on the occasion; all the dignitaries and officers of the Sublime Porte were present when Khosrew landed at Battche-Capoasson, and, on his arrival at the Palace of the Sublime Porte, all the high functionaries of the empire presented him their respects. Khosrew was, in 1832, Seraskier, or Generalissimo of the Ottoman army. Of this man, who has been summoned to enact so important a part in the great question now pending in the East, we find the following portrait drawn in the oriental correspondence of Mr. Michaud, the well-known author of the "Histoire des Croisades":—

"The Seraskier Khosrew Pacha is very old, but still displays great vigour. A complexion animated by much redness—an eye blazing with the fire of youth, under eyebrows whitened by time, impart to his physiognomy a singular expression; he limps, and can but with difficulty hold on his horse. The first time I saw him was at San Stephano, whither he arrived in an arabat, with horses put put to it *en fleche*. All the Europeans present could not help laughing on seeing the Generalissimo of the Turkish army alight from such an equipage.—Khosrew was originally a Georgian slave, brought up in the Seraglio; he has since held several pachalicks; among others that of Egypt, under the expiring domination of the Mamelukes. In the capacity of Capitan Pacha he has commanded several expeditions against the Greeks. The bravery that he has always evinced—the good fortune he has had to escape from the revolutions of the Court and Empire—have procured him from the Franks the surname of the 'Ulysses of the Turks.' The wrecks of the Janissary corps have in him an implacable foe; for with him a conquered party resembles a snake which cold has surprised, but heat may warm again. To the Sultan's authority he knows no other mobile than fear; and this opinion, or rather instinct, of despotism has familiarised him with every violence. He sometimes mingles with his cruelty sarcasms which show to what a degree he trifles with the life of man, and even with the power he exercises. Some Janissaries, who had long been searched for, having been seized and brought before him—'Oh!' exclaimed he, 'welcome, old friends; I am delighted to see ye!' and at the same time, turning to the Tchiaoux, said 'Strangle these fellows forthwith.' Khosrew is sometimes admitted to the Imperial orgies of the Bosphorus and of the Prince's Islands, and blushes not to mingle with the sports of the Greek courtesans, and expose his grey beard to their derision—a complaisance which has, perhaps, as much propped his influence as the recollection of his services.

"Nevertheless, one cannot help praising his devotedness—I should almost say his patriotism—were we in any other country.—Of all the servants of Mahmoud he is the only one who has really seconded him in his great military reform. He would, perhaps, have better served his master, and his efforts would have obtained happier results, if he did not carry with him into public affairs a narrow spirit of sordid economy, and considered not talent, merit, and glory as objects of traffic. Petty means are too familiar to him; and to judge in that respect of the 'Ulysses of the Turks,' it is enough to have seen him at his house amidst his leaden soldiers and wooden cannon. Distrustful, jealous, haughty, he can endure no advisess, no auxiliaries, and still less any contradicters; taking his agents at random, almost always displeased with those he employs, he will do all by himself, and exhausts his activity in unprofitable details. This accounts for the slowness with which every thing advances in his department, and in every thing that depends upon him. How fatal this slowness may prove at a moment when, from all quarters, civil war threatens the empire! It is this that makes the Turks whisper among themselves that *danger will come upon an Arabian horse, whilst the limping Seraskier slowly moves in the heavy arabat of reform.*

ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, August 17.—The dawn of this our gala day was portentous. Sunrise indicated foul weather. Contrary to expectation, however, by nine A. M. the horizon partially cleared, and a breeze from W. S. W. was sensibly felt. By ten the wind strengthened, and although a shower "ever and anon" intervened, the day brightened, and the scene upon the Parade became animated. The Royal Yacht Squadron house was by this time decorated with the entire series of their signals, and the bosom of the harbor studded with a numerous and costly flotilla, avowedly unrivalled, as models of nautical architecture, in the world, displaying their flags, signals, and other appropriate banners, in honor of the fete, presented together a spectacle which may be conveyed to the imagination of those who were not witnesses, by comparing it to a gaudy and gigantic flower-garden.

In the "Roads," and immediately opposite to the Castle, was moored the starting vessel, the Kestrel, Commodore Earl of Yarborough, and in a line with her, at their moorings, rode the

No. 1. Ariel, 118 tons, A. Hill, Esq.
No. 2. Galatea, 190 tons, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq.
No. 3. Miranda, 164 tons, A. Murray, Esq.
No. 4. Dolphin, 217 tons, G. H. Ackers, Esq.

schooner yachts of exquisite beauty, and the rivals for her Majesty's Gold Plate, value 100 guineas.

At five minutes before eleven A. M. the signal for starting was fired by the Kestrel; all at this moment was eager curiosity, and at eleven, punctual to a second, they had slipped from their moorings, and were off under clouds of canvas for the eastward, with a fresh breeze from the W. S. W., the Dolphin taking the lead, closely followed by the Galatea, the Miranda, and the Ariel. In this order they pursued their course up the Solent, with an unsteady wind blowing in "puffs," passing the pier of Ryde, already lined with impatient and delighted spectators. The Dolphin was now observed to be considerably ahead. About noon the competitors were joined by her Majesty's ship Pantaloon, who kept close in company with them during the remainder of the race. At one P. M. the Dolphin rounded the station vessel at the Nab, at which time the Galatea was seen about two miles astern, the Miranda and Ariel fetching up. By three o'clock the Dolphin, on her return, was observed abreast of the Kestrel (starting vessel), the Galatea yet astern to the north, and the other two gaining upon the latter. The Dolphin then led the way to the westward, keeping her rivals at a respectful distance. Five P. M.—At this period of the day an incident occurred which served to render the affair in effect a naumachea altogether imposing and great. The noble commodore made signals for a salute. Firing by the squadron, and from the batteries of the R. Y. S. house, immediately commenced, and lasted for some minutes. It was not known until some time after the cannonading had ceased that the same was a demonstration of the arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge from Southampton. The victorious Dolphin having most gallantly rounded the station vessel to the westward, off Yarmouth, led the way back to the commodore, abreast of whose magnificent yacht they arrived in the order, and at the times following:—

	H.	M.	S.			H.	M.	S.	
The Dolphin	6	47	25	P. M.	Ariel	7	21	0	P. M.
Galatea	6	59	5	P. M.	Miranda.....	7	23	45	P. M.

The contest consequently occupied 8 hours 24 minutes, nearly, and the distance of the race is computed at 50 miles.

We have been favored with a sight of the prize. It is an exquisitely wrought and superb gold shield, of circular form, seventeen inches in diameter, bearing devices emblematical of the event, and has an inscription, surmounted by the Royal Arms, thus:—"Royal Yacht Squadron, 1839, the gift of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

THE BANQUET.

Monday, Aug. 19.—At seven this evening a sumptuous dinner was served to a large party of the members, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Royal Yacht Squadron. We regret that our paucity, both of time and space, limits us thus briefly to notice that the evening went off with great éclat. The viands were composed of the choicest dainties, and the wines of the most costly selection. The venison, and a dessert which sets panegyric at defiance, were presented by the Commodore Earl of Yarborough, from the park and gardens of Appuldercombe.

Among the company present, we noticed—Earls Yarborough (President) Durham, Wilton, and De-la-warr; Lords Cantelupe, Vicomte de Pommerea; Sirs Charles Ogle, William Joliffe, G. Temple, Archibald Murray, Robert Harland, Charles Rivers, G. Hammond; Admirals Hon. E. Fleming and D. P. Bouverie; Generals Sir H. Pakenham and Sir W. Johnstone; Colonels D. Daly and Petre; Captains R. N., Popham, A. H. Corry, Walpole, A. Ellice, Searle, Shedden, and Sarlat; M. P.'s, Edward Codrington, Henry Corry, S. De Horsay, Alexander Murray, and C. R. M. Talbot, Esqrs.; the Rev. —— Atkinson; Esquires, A. Hill, G. H. Ackers, James Lyon, A. W. Corbett, J. Moore, J. Halifax, H. Robinson, Charles Day, &c.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—The squadron has been busy preparing for the review which is to take place on Thursday. A smart breeze from N. N. E. has enabled them to effect some scientific manœuvring to day. In the evening the R. Y. S. house and the parade were crowded to repletion with impatient spectators, to see a brilliant display of fireworks, by Mr. Jones, from Brighton. The artist evinced much taste by the varieties of color as well as of design in his combustible exhibition.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—The second (and last) contest for a Cup, value £50, took place to-day. At the hour of starting, eleven A. M., the morning was perfection, for anything but sailing; it was purely an Italian sky, but the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. Five elegant cutter yachts—

No. 1. Phebe, 33 tons, Capt Corry, R. N.
No. 2. Matilda, 44 tons, H. Oglander, Esq.
No. 3. Cynthia, 40 tons, Wm. Frankland, Esq.
No. 4. Aurora, 40 tons, Wm. Beach, Esq.
No. 5. Will-o'-the-Wisp, 45 tons, Sir R. Harland.

appeared in full canvass and colors, abreast of the Dolphin (starting yacht), and the signals for preparation and sailing having been made, with an air scarcely perceptible from the N. E., they moved off for the "Leap Buoy" to the westward. It was almost a calm, the crews, in despair, "whistled for a wind." "A gentle zephyr" shortly afterwards responded, and about one P. M. the competitors re-appeared off Cowes, still nearly abreast of each other, eagerly pursuing the line of demarcation to the east. After doubling the "Nab Light" (the extreme eastern point), the vessels displayed their best tactics to preserve their positions, and it was not until they had reached Ryde pier on their return that the Phebe was observed to shoot ahead. She maintained this proud advantage up to the end of the race. It was a very close match, but the failure of a good breeze rendered the regatta less interesting than that of Saturday. They arrived at the starting vessel as follows:—

The Phebe, bearing the palm	6	24	20
Will-o'-the-wisp	6	25	40
Matilda	6	27	20
Aurora	6	29	40
Cynthia	6	33	22

London Sunday Times.

Fracas between Lords Waldegrave and Castlereagh.

These two Noble Lords had what is termed a "turn-up" in the neighborhood of Pall-Mall, on Friday. The "mill" was of short duration, "Young Rapid" getting considerably the worst of it.—"Nam fuit ante Helenam mulier tetterima belli causa." London Age, Aug. 25.

In justice to the Noble Lords alluded to, and in justification of ourselves, we re-publish the following letters, respecting a paragraph which appeared in our last number:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

Sir—A paragraph has appeared in the *Age* of yesterday, headed "Fracas between Lords Waldegrave and Castlereagh," in which there is not a word of truth—nay more, no foundation for such statement, from beginning to end. I hope you will publish this short denial on my part. I have no other mode of defence, and silence is sometimes misconstrued.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

23 *Chapel-street, August* 26. Castlereagh.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

Sir—I perceive in your paper of this morning a letter addressed to you from Lord Castlereagh, denying that a fracas (as reported in the *Age*) took place between his Lordship and myself. *Which report I* beg most thoroughly to *corroborate;* and I cannot conceive how *this report* gained circulation. The immediate insertion of this will oblige your obedient servant, Waldegrave.

Strawberry-hill, August 27, 1839.

We pass over the amusing contradiction of Lord Waldegrave, as we have reason to know we were deceived, though not alone—*Bell's Life in London* and the *Court Gazette*, both *published before us*, had also similar paragraphs. The information reached us on Saturday noon, in the hurry of going to press.

The communication which we received at the eleventh hour bore the signature of a well-known Nobleman, and we did not hesitate, as journalists, to avail ourselves of the news. We have no other feeling than contempt for the fellow who imposed upon us by a forgery. Ib. Sept. 1.

Reflections on a dull day.—We dislike a dull day, a dull razor, a dull sermon, a dull exchange paper, and a dull city. We like a lively glass of champagne, a bright and lively eye in woman, a lively paced horse, a lively, well told tale, a lively dance—not one of your slow-go motive quadrilles—and we like, at particular times, a lively song. We like all things that are bright and beautiful, and we dislike all things that are ugly, save Prentice. He, notwithstanding his superlative ugly countenance, has got a genius bright as the noonday sun, and a mind beautiful as the dwelling of houris. Picayune.

THE MAN-EATER.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"He came, he went, like the simoon,
That harbinger of fate and gloom."—Byron.

On the banks of the river Cauvery stands one of those mean-looking villages, which occur, at intervals of a few miles, throughout the greater part of the Mysore country, a small mud fort, long since dismantled, and now almost concealed by jungle, overlooked a sluggish stream, whose dark waters lazily licked the crumbling walls. The snow-white egret and the stately crane waded amongst the shallows, in attitudes of intense watchfulness. The scaly alligator lay basking on the half-covered sandbanks, and the Brahming kite hovered above the reeds, uttering its querulous note, as its bright chesnut wings quivered in the level beams of the setting sun. Herds of sluggish buffaloes, their bare black hides plastered with mud, were returning from their pasture, a sunburnt urchin perched upon the back of the most docile, shouted at the top of his voice a wild recitative, addressed to his charge, who replied by deep surly grunts. The shrill cry of the wild peacock, perched upon the ruined battlements of the fort, was answered by his mate from the rank thicket underneath. And the soft cooing of the turtle-dove whispered among the mango leaves. As evening advanced the huge vampire-bats, which hung in clusters suspended by their hinder claws from the drooping branches of the banyan-trees, dropped, one by one, and glided silently away in search of food. Laborers, with their black blankets hanging over their shoulders, came in straggling parties from the fields, driving their bullocks before them: and the women returned from the wells in picturesque groups, each supporting with one hand an earthen jar of antique form, gracefully balanced on her head; whilst the jingling sounds of the bangles which encircled their ankles, made music to their light elastic step. Such was the peaceful scene, as evening closed upon that lonely village.

But at intervals, a wild startling shout would come booming on the breeze, and ere its falling notes had died away, the cry was taken up, and continued from an opposite quarter. This was the *shikar**-cry of the Mysore woodsman; and, to an Indian sportsman, told its tale. A jungle village on the banks of a river, is generally haunted by a tiger; if there be a ruined fort, overgrown with grass and brushwood, such probability is much increased—and whenever the woodcutter returns hurriedly at sunset, shouting that ominous holla, the chances are, that a tiger dogs his steps.

The sun had set, and the shades of night were fast approaching, as Rung Row, the venerated priest of the village, strode along the banks of the river to a convenient spot for making his evening ablutions He returned with dignified condescension the salutions humbly offered by each Ryat whom he met, and proceeded on wrapped in his own meditations. Little thought the proud Brahmin, as he pondered over the probable success of his last project in priestly craft, that he was not doomed to reap its fruits.

At a winding of the river, less than a quarter of a mile from the village was a little bay, sheltered from observation by some aloe-bushes. The water was not too deep; and soft sand, pleasant for the foot to tread, shelved gradually into a clear pool.

"Here shall I enjoy a refreshing bath," thought the luxurious priest, "and then shall the antelope-eyed Luxshmee welcome me to her arms."

Having no clothes to encumber him, save a cotton wrapper round his loins, the devout worshipper of *Vishnoo* waded at once into the stream, muttering a prayer at every step, and commenced the important ceremony of ablution, by pouring water, from a small brass vessel, over his shaven crown and well-oiled skin.

What rustle was that!—The Brahmin's ears heard not, they were stunned by the cold stream which poured over them. His eyes, too, were closed, else would he have seen two bright green orbs, glaring fiercely upon him, through the branches of an aloe-bush at his side. His hour had come, for the famous Man-eater of Shikarpoor was upon his trail. Her grim head was cautiously thrust through the bushes, and the striped monster issued from her lair with stealthy tread. Dragging her belly along the sand, her tail switching impatiently, her ears laid flat upon her neck, and her whiskered lips drawn back, so as to expose her formidable array of tusks, she crept silently to the brink of the water, there, gathering herself together, she glared for one moment on the devoted wretch like a triumphant fiend, and bounding forward, threw herself upon him with a roar, which thrilled through his guilty soul, and drowned the death shriek which he uttered in his agony—struggle there was none—the paw of the tigress fell like a bar of iron upon his skull, crushing it to the brain, and her powerful teeth met in his throat. Death was almost instantaneous—a senseless body hung quivering in her grasp, as she turned to the shore, but she still shook it with ferocious energy, and buried her tusks deeper still, as it throbbed at the last convulsive gasp.

This fearful death had been the fate of many a poor Ryat and woodcutter belonging to the village, for the tigress had haunted it during several months. Their fate created little sensation—they were only *Soodras*;† but when a herd-boy, who had witnessed this tragedy, ran to the village screaming, *Bhag! Bhag!*‡ and announced that the Man-eater was supping on the holy carcass of a Brahmin priest, the holy brotherhood were roused from their apathy into a state of keen excitement. Women ran about beating their breasts, and howling their national lament, and the village resounded with the dismal cries of *Wha! Wha! Bhag! Bhag!*

After a decent indulgence in strenuous demonstrations of grief, the *Ameldar*§ despatched a peon to summon Bhurmah, the principal *Shikarie* of the village. In a few minutes he was dragged by the officious policeman, as if he were a criminal, into the great man's presence, and abused, with that despotic disregard of right and wrong, which ever accompanies an Asiatic's possession of power.

Bhurmah was one of the most noted *Shikaries* of that province; his whole life had been spent in watching beasts of prey; but the dreaded tigress of *Shikarpoor* had as yet baffled him; and now that she had killed a Brahmin, it followed, according to a Brahmin's reasoning, that poor *Bhurmah*, together with all his kindred, but more especially those of the female line, were every thing that is odious in a Brahmin's eyes. Having been duly apprized of these fair inferences, resulting from a priest having been eaten, he was commanded upon pain of an *Ameldar's* displeasure, to produce the head of the tigress, before she committed further sacrilege.

"It is an order!" answered the submissive Hindoo, shouldering the long matchlock, on which he had leaned during this satisfactory audience; and the man who wore three medals on his breast, rewards for gallantry in his many conflicts with tigers, retired cowering from the presence of an effeminate Brahmin, without a word of reply to the most insulting and unjust abuse.

Bhurmah, a poor *Shikarie*, and Mansfield, a British officer, were very different persons, and very different was the style in which the *Ameldar* addressed them.

As soon as he had vented his wrath upon the inferior, the administrator of justice penned a flowery letter to his superior, the English *Burrah Sahib*, of whose arrival in a neighboring village he had that day been informed.

Having described the sad event in glowing language, he proceeded to beg that "the mighty warrior, the great and powerful lord, in whose hands a lion was as a mouse, would be graciously pleased to extend the shadow of his protection over his devoted slaves, and come with his elephant and death-dealing weapon, to rid them of the destroyer of their peace.

Before sunset next day, Mansfield and Charles, attended by the trusty *Azapah*, were galloping along a path which led to *Shikarpoor*. The Doctor, whose battered frame had not yet recovered from the effects of the previous day's adventures, had remained behind, intending to follow them at a more sober pace next morning. Their road lay, for some miles, through a bamboo jungle, the outskirts of the Wynaad Forest, and as the day declined, the faster did they ply their bloody spurs.

There were mementoes enough on that silent road, to warn the traveller not to linger after the sun had set. Heaps of stones, raised by the passers-by, to mark the spot where some ill-starred wretch had been killed by a tiger, presented themselves in many a gloomy spot, and as the riders passed each of these sad memorials, the foaming Arabs were pushed on at renewed speed—it would not do to be benighted here.

The open country was gained, the lofty pinnacle of the village pagoda was seen towering above the trees, and, ere another mile was passed, the riders had

* Shikar, hunting.
† A low caste of the Hindoos. ‡ A tiger § A native magistrate of a district.

pulled up, their smoking horses in the midst of the bazaar, and were surrounded by a host of natives, all salaaming with true oriental obsequiousness, and thrusting into their hands the offerings of fruit, without which, it would be presumptuous to approach a superior. They were the authorities of the village, sleek, well-fed Brahmins, each vying with the other in the favor of his welcome, and prayers for the invincible warrior's prosperity.

All this must be submitted to; and, although Mansfield fidgetted in his saddle, he was too well-bred to show his annoyance. He returned their salaams, answered their compliments, pocketed as much of the fruit as he could, and insisted on the *Ameldar* remounting his little ambling pony, from which, in his humility, he had dismounted. With this gracious order the smooth faced Brahmin complied, after a decent show of resistance, and was forthwith imbedded in a crimson cushion, which, with its complicated trappings, smothered the little punchy steed, so as to leave little visible, save a white head, and a pink tail* that swept the ground.

A band of native musicians, armed with terrible instruments of discord, struck up a barbarous piece of music, that might have shattered the nerves of a Highland bagpiper. Armed peons cleared the way—the mob shouted, and the cavalcade proceeded. Charles was delighted with the bustle and novelty of the scene; but poor Mansfield, who had long ago been disgusted with the barbarous pageantry and fulsome flattery of native dignitaries, most devoutly wished the obsequious *Ameldar* and his shouting myrmidons at the devil.

It would be amusing to a stranger to contrast the dusty, wayworn figure of the European, to whom all these honors were paid, with the spotless white robes, gaudy turbans, and magnificent shawls, of his fawning flatterers. His shooting-jacket, which had once been green, was now indeed a garment of many colors. His hunting-cap, bruised and battered out of all shape, matched it well, and brown cord breeches, met by deerskin gaiters, completed the attire of the weather-beaten, sun-dried sportsman, who rode on with Quixotic gravity, surrounded by a staring, if not an admiring throng. Thus escorted, the noble Arab which he rode alone denoting his rank, Mansfield was conducted, in a sort of triumphant procession, to a garden on the banks of the river, where a tent was pitched for his reception. The elephant, just arrived, was refreshing itself in the stream, and a party of Coolies were cooking their messes, to recruit themselves after their march. Here the Brahmins asked permission to take their leave, a boon most willingly granted, and Mansfield was left to a conference more congenial to his taste. They were no sooner gone, than he threw aside his coat, kicked off his gaiters, dropped into an arm-chair, and inhaling a long whiff from the hookah, placed at his side by a venerable Mussulman, damned the whole fraternity of Brahmins for a set of hypocritical scoundrels, and despatched *Azapah* to summon *Bhurmah* the *Shikarie*.

* * * * * *

It was not yet light enough to distinguish objects clearly, when Mansfield was roused by his attendant announcing that the dawn had come, and that the people were ready. A sleepy voice answered, "Order the gray horse and the chesnut pony to be saddled. Take the rifles and ammunition and go to the jungle, where *Bhurmah* lost the trail yesterday. Order the *Mahout*† to start with the elephant immediately, and see that there is a bundle of rockets in the *howdah*.‡ I shall be with you before you reach the ground."

The interval between the first faint dawn, and the bright glare which immediately precedes sunrise, in the tropics, is brief. By the time the two sportsmen were mounted, there was sufficient light to enable them to pick out the elephant's tracks, guided by which, they overtook the party, as *Bhurmah* was leading the way into a tigrish-looking valley, the bright verdure of which contrasted strongly with the brown tints of the surrounding country. A ravine, which was never dried up in the hottest weather, ran through it, and discharged itself into a tank at one extremity, where the cover was thickest. On that side, the jungle ended abruptly in a plain, where hog might be ridden, so free was it from brushwood. On this, the valley contracted gradually towards the hills, till it became the mere bed of a little mountain-stream.

"I carried it thus far, *Sahib*, by sunset yesterday," said the *Shikarie*, pointing to the impression of four huge paws in the soft bed of the ravine. Mansfield, dismounting, stooped over the trail, and examined it for a few seconds attentively, whilst the natives awaited his opinion in silence. Having satisfied himself, he sat down, and with an air of serious gravity, commenced the following dialogue with *Bhurmah:*

"She was in no hurry when she took that line. A hurried step would not leave so smooth a trail."

"No, Sahib, she had travelled three *coss*§ before she crossed the hills, in the gray of the morning, and she would come in here quietly, before the sun was hot. The trail was long cold when I ran it up to this jungle."

"You have been on her trail before. Is this one of her favorite haunts?"

"I have marked her into it more than once," answered the old man. "But who can tell where a wandering tigress will lay down to-morrow, although you have found her bed warm to-day? She is seldom more than twelve hours in one place, and the death lament may now be singing ten *coss* off, for the man she killed last night. I have lived in the jungles now more than thirty years, and the people have not called me *Bhag-marll* without a cause, but this tigress has always proved too cunning for me."

"Ay, but you are the man, *Bhurmah*, who is destined to run her down," interrupted Mansfield, who thoroughly understood native character, and observed that the old *Shikarie's* want of confidence, had thrown a damp over the spirits of the rest. "It is you and you only, that shall bring her to bay. I was told it in a dream."

At this announcement, every face brightened and every doubt of success vanished.

"Well, Sahib, your words must be true," replied *Bhurmah*, stroking his long white mustache, with a look of gratified vanity; "and as such is my fate I shall follow her to the world's end. May dogs defile her grave! my only son fell under her accursed paws, and I suppose I shall die by a tiger too, when my hour comes. But who can escape his fate?"

"Very true, my fine fellow; but your fate is to get another medal, for ridding the country of this incarnate devil—so, let us to work. You say that you found no track leading from the east side into the jungle, so now try the outskirts to the westward with your people, while I follow the trail along this ravine with the elephant, and mind you get into trees the moment you hear me holla—I am sure she is here."

While the natives, fifteen in number, examined the edges of the cover, Mansfield and Charles, mounted on the elephant, searched the bed of the ravine; following the foot-prints until they were lost on rocky soil. After making several fruitless casts to recover the trail, they rejoined the natives, who had also failed in hitting on any fresh track. A brief consultation was held, and the result was *Bhurmah* declaring his conviction that the tigress lay concealed in the cover.

Mansfield, therefore, ordered every man, except *Azapah*, who would accompany him on the elephant, to take up a position, by which all posts might be guarded. And, as a further precaution, a native horseman was posted on an eminence commanding a clear view, with orders not to lose sight of the tigress if she broke away.

These arrangements having been made, the stately elephant advanced, at the word of command, crashing his way through the yielding branches as a ship tosses the opening waves from her side. His progress was slow, for the utmost exertions of the *Mahout* were required to force him through some parts of the thicket, where masses of prickly shrubs bristled against him, and tough creepers matted the bushes into a compact barrier, which threw back the immense animal at every rush he made to beat them down. Some hours were spent in this arduous search. The heat was becoming intense; the elephant growing sulky, and the *Mahout* muttering to himself broken sentences, expressive of impatience; even *Azapah* relaxed in the diligent scrutiny with which he had examined each tuft of grass. But the leader persevered in his usual patient manner, never passing a bush until it was thoroughly beaten, although no trace had as yet been found to cheer them. Once, indeed, the elephant trumpeted, and a rustle was heard in front. The rifles were raised, and the eyes of the sportsmen eagerly fixed upon the moving bushes; but Mansfield's weapon was quietly replaced, and Charles's suddenly snatched from his hand, as the shaggy hide of a bear brushed through the underwood. Charles opened his eyes in astonishment, at being thus unceremoniously disarmed, and turned upon Mansfield in no very amiable mood. But the old sportsman met his angry glance with a quiet smile.

"Come Charley, my boy," said he, returning the rifle, "do not be angry. 'Tis very annoying, I grant you, to be deprived of so tempting a shot; but I really could not afford to lose the tigress, after all the trouble she has given us, for the sake of a bear which we can find at any time. You have no idea what skulking brutes these Man-eaters are; they never show fight unless they are driven to it: and this old devil has become so cunning, from being frequently hunted, that the report of a rifle would send her off to her strong hold among the hills, if she be within hearing."

One corner of the valley, in which were some withered brambles, overgrown by some high spear-grass, was yet untried. To this the wearied elephant was advancing with unwilling steps, when a monkey, which had been quietly watching their proceedings, was observed to spring from tree to tree, looking down, grinning, and chattering, with every mark of violent agitation, while the long grass, waved below him.

"Look, Sahib" cried *Azapah*, from the back of the *howdah*.

"Push on the elephant to his utmost," shouted Mansfield in a voice of thunder; "she is there and is making off."

The sagacious brute knew well that his game was near. His eye glistened, and flapping his ears, he rushed forward with his trunk curled in the air.

"There is the trail!" exclaimed *Azapah*, pointing to a fresh impression of paws on the side of the ravine.

"Shall I cross?" asked the *Mahout*, looking over his shoulder.

"Over, quick," was the reply. "She is away! Hark to that holla!"

While he spoke, a piercing yell proclaimed a view; and then arose the wild Shikar cry, in full chorus, causing every nerve to thrill with excitement. The goaded elephant scrambled across the ravine, and threaded his way to the point where shouts of *Bhag* announced that the tigress was approaching. The jungle rang with the cry, and it was returned in echoes from the hills. Earnest exertions were making to turn her in; but she had been hunted before, and would not be stopped. The directing signal from the scouts was still forward, and, before the elephant had forced a passage through the jungle, a *Shikarie*, watching the plain, waved his turban, and uttered the well-known whoop, which announced that she had broken cover.

"Confound her for a cunning devil!" muttered Mansfield, "she has beaten us, and is off to the hills."

Charles, who had been standing up to the *howdah*, trembling with eagerness, and stamping impatiently with his feet, as if by doing so he could drive the elephant faster, dropped his rifle, and sank back into his seat with a blank look of disappointment.

They had now reached the open plain, and there was the *Sewar*,* on whom all their hopes of marking the game depended; his arms and legs going like a windmill in fits, screwing along his old spavined mare, in apparently hot pursuit of the flying tigress. He might safely have done his best, for there was little fear of a native horseman overtaking a wandering Man-eater across a hilly country. But, to make "certainty more sure," he pulled yet harder than he spurred; and the consequence was, a pace admirably adapted for raising a cloud of dust. Of course, as he intended, the tigress disappeared over the brow of a hill, well in advance, and he returned faster than he went, brandishing his spear manfully, as if he really had intended to use it. Without slacking his speed, he galloped up to the elephant all in a foam, and pulling the old mare on her haunches, by a tug that well nigh broke her jaw, blustered out a confused account of his own amazing zeal, and hints of what he would have done had the tigress not fled before him. "*Inshallah!* she did not wait till my spear could reach her—she fled like a bird before a hawk!"

"It is well for you that she did so," replied Mansfield, drily. "You appeared to have your mare tolerably well in hand too. But did you mark the tigress? Was she in sight when you gained the top of the hill?"

"What could your slave do?" replied the *Sewar*, looking rather crest-fallen. "Could he outstrip the wind?"

This unsatisfactory reply spoke volumes. Mansfield turned from him in disgust, and, addressing his followers, urged the necessity of pressing on at once, and endeavoring to hit her trail.

"That fellow has been of little service as a marker," he added; "but we may track her up again; she has not gone far. A hundred rupees to the man who strikes her trail, and runs it to her lair!"

Money will do any thing with a native. The wearied, dispirited, Shikaries roused themselves at the sound of rupees, and the chase recommenced.

From the point where the tigress was lost, they scattered themselves over the country, inspecting the soil with earnest gaze, as if searching for treasure. Some time elapsed without any discovery being made. At last a young villager who had been examining a sheep track, stopped short, and gave the signal of success. All ran eagerly to the spot, crowding round a foot-mark, which certainly was that of a tiger.

"Look at it, Bhurmah," said Mansfield, uncertain how to act.

The veteran gave it a single glance, and turning away with a look of contempt, declared the marks to be three days old.

An assurance coming from such authority, admitted of no dispute, and the search was resumed.

As when a puppy, opening on a false scent, brings around him some babblers, who bustle about, whimpering and lashing their spotted sides with their feathery tails; an old hound raises his head, and joins them for a moment; but, detecting the error at the first sniff, leaves them with disdain to make his own cast; so Bhurmah, his long white mustache giving him an air of peculiar sagacity, struck off from his less experienced companions, and, as if guided by some unerring instinct, proceeded straight in a line, which brought him to a little mountain-stream. Into this he dived, and for some time, disappeared; then, raising his head above the bank, sent back a thrilling halloo, which was answered by a shout of triumph from the rest of the human pack.

"Hark to Bhurmah!" shouted Mansfield. "That signal can be depended upon. Bravo! old fellow; you deserve another medal, and shall have it."

On joining him, he was found inspecting the margin of a small pool. "She has stopped here to drink, and cannot be far ahead; for the sun has not yet dried the moisture from her foot-prints." This was addressed by Mansfield to his *peon*, *Azapah*, who, jealous that another should excel, began to doubt before he had deigned to look. The old *Shikarie* listened in silence, and with a smile of triumph to the acknowledgment, which, after a careful examination of the spot, the *peon* was obliged to make, that they were now on the true scent.

The new trail was followed up rapidly, each step eliciting some cheering remark as to its distinctness. It had been found upon the summit of the hills, where a considerable extent of table-land intervened before the country beyond became visible. Over this the Shikaries proceeded at a long trot without a check, till the plain lay stretched beneath them. A flock of goats was feeding amongst the rocks on the mountain-side, watched by a shepherd, who sat motionless, like a bronzed figure on the heated rocks. The little gray fox basked in the sun, heedless of his proximity; and the wolf passed by at a lazy trot, lolling out his tongue, and hanging his slouching head as if indifferent to the presence of man. Ranges of naked rocks, encircling a plain of barren sand, like a vast amphitheatre, met the eye on every side. The scanty vegetation was scorched into a uniform sunburnt tint, and the few sickly date-trees which reared their stunted heads in the midst of the wilderness, only served to heighten the appearance of desolation. There is something peculiarly wild in such a scene. A sky without a cloud, a plain without a spot of verdure, cracked into gaping fissures, and the sun, like a ball of burnished metal, blazing over its nakedness. No smoke to mark the site of a single hut; no trace of man, save that solitary goatherd, passing his life amongst the beasts of the desert, and they not fearing him.

So far the party had pursued the wandering tigress by her trail. The nature of the chase was now altered.

While the natives stood clustered together at fault, having lost the track among stones, Mansfield was looking around considering where they would probably bring her to bay, when his quick eye perceived the goats to start, and scramble in confusion up the rocks.

"My rifle, Azapah; there she goes!"

It was indeed the hunted tigress once more in view. Charles threw forward his rifle, and fired without a moment's hesitation, although the tigress was nearly three hundred yards distant. But the bullet fell far short of its intended mark.

"That is rather too long a range for accurate shooting, Master Charles," said Mansfield, "we must push on and get nearer. She can never keep up that pace under such a sun."

"Sahib, if an old man may speak," interrupted Bhurmah, "it will be better to remain quiet. She is making straight for her house—that ravine below us. There she will lay up. I have followed her trail into it before now."

"I dare say you are right," replied Mansfield, watching the tigress with his glass. "She is nearly blown. Ay, now she looks back—I can see her jaws wide open, her tongue is hanging a foot out of her mouth, and is as white as her teeth. We have her now—she has disappeared under the bank. Her race is run, and she must stand to bay. But, oh! for two hours more of daylight!" he added, looking at the lengthening shadows on the plain.

"It is a strong hold she has chosen," observed Bhurmah. "I have seen a tiger hold out for a whole day against three elephants in that very place, and you may be sure the Man-eater of *Shikarpoor* knows the strongest part."

"She shall not beat us," exclaimed Mansfield, rising and motioning to the *Mahout*. "She shall not beat us if we should be forced to burn her in her lair. Come on!"

"The bushes are green," quietly observed Bhurmah. In that remark there was much meaning, as the sequel proved.

By the time the indefatigable band had surrounded their game, the sun was gilding the hill-tops with its setting rays. Not a moment was lost. Bhurmah mounted the *howdah* that he might guide the *Mahout* at once to the spot where he expected to find the tigress, for he knew every inch of the ground, and, on this occasion, he was not mistaken. The experienced *Shikarie* brought the elephant under a clump of bauble bushes which grew upon a high ledge of almost perpendicular rock. Farther progress was impossible. Pointing upwards to an opening in the grass, through which a heavy animal had evidently passed, he said, "There is her den!" A low growl from the centre of the bushes confirmed his accuracy.

She had chosen her stronghold admirably. It was protected in front by a mountain-stream, and backed by a perpendicular rock, which projected over it so as to shelter it from above. Mansfield looked in vain for a path where the elephant might find footing. There was none. A man might have reached the den by climbing; but certain death would have been the fate of him who dared to approach the watchful tigress. One chance of success still remained, and it was adopted. The elephant having been withdrawn, Mansfield and Charles posted themselves on a rock, sufficiently high to protect them from the tigress, in the event of her bolting, and directed the people to bombard her position with rockets from the opposite height. But all was ineffectual. Showers of rockets lighted up the gloomy chasm, and ignited the thin grass along its edges, but it quickly consumed, without spreading to the bushes in which she lay: they were green, and would not burn.

When the whole stock of combustibles had been exhausted, rocks were hurled down, and volleys of matchlocks fired; but the only result was an occasional surly growl; and the party, wearied and dispirited by their fruitless efforts, were unwillingly obliged to retire, it having become too dark for further operations.

For three whole days the same party traversed the country without finding a mark, or hearing any intelligence of the dreaded tigress. But she was pursued by men who had sworn that she should die, and the ardor of their search was not relaxed.

On the morning of the fourth day, whilst Bhurmah and his men were trying some covert in the neighborhood, two herd-boys sat watching their buffaloes in that valley where the pursuit had first commenced. They cared little about tigers; for they knew that the old bull of their herd would protect them while they kept at his side. And now that the great Man-eater had been driven from the neighborhood, there was nothing to fear. Thus unsuspicious of danger, the boys sauntered along, picking berries, and amusing themselves with childish sports, till they had wandered a considerable distance from their protectors.

Alas! the destroyer was at hand. She had crept from bush to bush, so silently, that her heavy breathing first gave warning of her approach. The hindermost child turned round, his heart beating with a vague presentiment of danger. The fierce eye of the tigress met his. He uttered a scream of terror, and shrieked the fearful name of *Bhag!* The sound had scarcely passed his lips, when the terrible roar of the monster shook the earth, and his small bones crackled between her jaws. The other boy fled to the nearest tree, into which he climbed with the agility of a monkey; from thence he saw the tigress toss her prey over her shoulder, and trot back, growling, to the jungle. As soon as she was out of sight he hurried to the village to give the alarm; and, in less than an hour, Mansfield and his followers, guided by the little herd-boy, were on their way to the fatal spot.

It was a sight to make a woman weep, to see that poor trembling child standing with the tears rolling down his cheeks, over the scene of the late tragedy.

The ground was spattered with the blood and brains of his brother; and as he told his melancholy tale, a cold shudder would run through his little frame, and choked his feeble voice, each time that his downcast gaze fell upon the horrible traces.

Mansfield drew a rough hand across his eyes as he ordered the elephant to kneel, in a voice that faltered.

"Ask that boy, one of you," said he, addressing a Peon, "if he would like to come with me, on the elephant, and see that cursed tigress die."

The man whom he addressed stared; and a murmur of amazement ran around at an offer so little in conformity with a native's idea of becoming dignity. To mount a naked outcast boy upon the same elephant with an English *Burrah Sahib!* The idea was almost sacrilegious. But the honest, manly heart of Mansfield knew no such petty pride, and he repeated his orders in a tone which admitted of no remonstrance, whilst he cast a look of kindness on the poor despised child, whose large black eyes were fixed upon him with a look of stupified amazement. He was reluctantly obeyed, Charles had taken his seat, and Mansfield was about to follow, when the elephant, tired of kneeling so long on the hard ground, gave utterance to his annoyance by an angry roar.

Before the elephant had time to rise, the buffaloes, which had been quietly grazing round the edge of the jungle, raised their heads, snorted, and rushed in a body towards one point, bellowing furiously.

"*Bhag! bhag!*" shrieked the terrified child, cowering down into the bottom of the *howdah*.

"By heavens it is!" cried Mansfield, springing to the ground. "She has taken the alarm already; the large rifle, quick!" Azapah thrust it into his hand. Setting the third sight, for a long shot, he stretched back one leg, and slowly raised the heavy weapon to his eye, his finger feeling the trigger, with a pressure so gradual, that the barrel seemed to pour forth its contents spontaneously at the instant it rested motionless.

"That hit her!" he calmly observed, as he dropped the discharged weapon into the hollow of his arm, and stood for a moment to watch the effect of the shot. The tigress, who was stealing along, at a distance of full two hundred yards, uttered a short angry roar, and dropped on her knees. When she rose, one fore leg hung dangling from her shoulder, and in this crippled state she slunk into cover, pursued by the buffaloes, bellowing at her haunches. A murmur of admiration ran around the bystanders at this exhibition of skill, which so far exceeded what the majority thought possible, that it seemed more than possible, that it seemed more than human, and made them look upon the successful marksman almost in the light of a demi-god. Even old Bhurmah could hardly believe his senses, when he heard the soft *thud* of the bullet, and saw the animal drop, at a distance so far beyond the range of his own trusty matchlock. And the poor little herd-boy clasped his hands together, and his large eyes glistened with tears of gratitude when the joyful shout announced that his dreaded enemy was disabled from flight, and her death certain.

Without noticing the admiration which his skilful shot had occasioned, Mansfield re-loaded his rifle with scrupulous exactness, and took his seat in the howdah beside Charles, with the wondering herd-boy between them. Old Bhurmah climbed up on the elephant's crupper, to ensure being in at the death, and the stately animal marched up to the final encounter.

Drops of blood guided them to the bush in which the wounded tigress lay. The heavy foot of the advancing elephant shook the ground. She raised her head, laid back her ears savagely, and ceased licking the blood from her shattered shoulder. Mansfield cautioned Charles to be ready, but not to fire in a hurry, as he would wait for him to take the first shot. They were now near enough to observe the bush agitated, as if she was collecting herself for a rush, and a low growl gave forth its warning. Old Bhurmah danced about like a maniac, one hand grasping the back of the howdah to support himself, the other brandishing his sword, and his long white mustache, which curled up to his eyes, giving him a look of ferocity almost equal to that of the tigress. The sagacious elephant twisted his trunk up to be out of harm's way, and advanced cautiously another step. A louder growl increased to a short hoarse roar.

"Keep him steady now, my lad—she is coming," said Mansfield, addressing the Mahout with perfect coolness. Charles held his breath, and his eyes seemed as if starting from his head with excitement, as he cocked both barrels of his rifle, and half raised it to his shoulder.

"No hurry, boy; take her coolly," said Mansfield.

The branches crashed—a brindled mass gleamed through them, and the tigress sprang forth. Her flaming eye gazed wildly around, then settled on her foes. Every hair in her body stood erect—her tail lashed her painted sides, and her flanks heaved laboriously, as if almost suffocated with rage. Uttering a deep growl, she arched her back and lowered her head for a spring.

"Now!" Quick as lightning followed the flash of the rifle, both barrels being discharged almost simultaneously, and the tigress staggered back with two balls in her chest. She recovered her footing, and was in the act of bounding forward to the charge, when a shot from Mansfield's unerring rifle entered her brain. She dropped from her proud attitude, and the famous Man-eater of Shikarpoor lay gasping in a pool of blood, which gushed from a ragged hole between her eyes.

Whilst Azapah busied himself in the important operation of singeing the whiskers of the dead tigress, the overjoyed natives crowded around, rending the air with shouts, and invoking blessings on the head of the Burrah Sahib, the invincible slayer of wild beasts, whose powerful hand had rid the country of this dreadful scourge.

Mansfield and Charles re-loaded their rifles, and, guided by the keen eye of old Bhurmah, followed the back trail to examine the lair of the famous Man-eater. They now forced their way through the tangled brushwood without fear of danger; and, in the heart of a thick clump of bauble bushes, soon found the half-devoured remains of the unfortunate herd-boy. On a further search, many more ghastly traces were found of the dreaded monster's fearful devastation. Human bones, and human bodies alone—for of late she had confined herself exclusively to man-eating, lay scattered about in various directions; and one there was which, more than all the others, smote the heart of Charles with a feeling of deadly sickness. It was a mangled and disjointed skeleton; but the long silken tresses of a woman still hung in tangled masses from the grinning skull; and silver *bangles*, once the cherished ornaments of female beauty, now encircled bleached and marrowless bones. What a fearful mockery of human vanity was this! And, oh! what dreadful pangs had racked those fleshless bones! What maddening thoughts may not have flitted through that now senseless skull! What wild shrieks of despair may not have been uttered by those mouldering jaws, ere the trembling spirit took its flight! How many unavailing tears have been shed for the untimely, perhaps unknown fate of her, who now a loathsome skeleton, may once have been the smiling beauty of the village!—perhaps a beloved wife!—perhaps the widowed mother of children!—helpless, friendless children, who now look in vain for the fond smile of maternal tenderness, in the cold eyes of strangers; and, with feeble voices, call upon the name of her who loved them.

Reader, if thou hast ever assisted in slaying a man-eater; if thou hast ever gazed on such a scene as this, thou wilt doubtless have felt, as Charles did

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* The natives of India dye the tails of the horses, which are used on state occasions, of a pink color.

† The driver of an elephant.

‡ A seat fastened on the back of an elephant.

§ Coss, two miles.

Bhag-mar, tiger-killer.

* A native trooper.

something more than a hunter's triumph at the successful terminstion of thy labors; and thy heart will have swelled with a grateful consciousness of having been an instrument in the hands of Providence, to deliver thy helpless fellow-creatures from one of the most dreadful scourges by which the human race is persecuted—a confirmed Man-eater. KOONDAH.

London New Monthly for Sept.

A SCHOOL MEETING.

PRESENTATION OF A PIECE OF PLATE TO DR. LATHERUMP, BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT.

The pupils of Dr. Latherump's establishment having been requested to meet under the shed in the play-ground, between breakfast and mid-school, to take into consideration the propriety of presenting Dr. Latherump with some testimony of the high approval they awarded to his conduct as a schoolmaster, Master Gubbleton was unanimously voted into the chair. Master Pipson opened the business of the day by stating, that although "good boys" were "as plentiful as blackberries," good schoolmasters were by no means so abounding; and, considering the very low ebb to which schoolmastership was reduced in these days of degenerate *old* gentlemen, it became the bounden duty of all distinguished *young* gentlemen to rally round such examples as might be deemed honorable exceptions to the condition of schoolmasters in general. What number of such exceptions might be found, he could *not* take upon himself to say; but he could take upon himself to say, that Dr. Latherump *was* an exception most unexceptionable. He (Master Pipson) had narrowly scrutinised, both in regard to the discipline under which he had been placed himself, and in respect to the discipline which he had seen practised by the learned doctor on his (Master Pipson's) schoolfellows—he had, he said, narrowly, nay, severely, scrutinised the learned doctor's combined system of tuition, correction, and reward; and he could emphatically, and, as he hoped, *truly* say, that whether it was the learned doctor's object to instil into the young mind the incontrovertible principles of the Eton Grammar, to impress upon the young senses the salutary infliction of birch, or to encourage the aspirings of the young heart with looks of gentle approval, or with prize-books elegantly bound in calf—he could—he would say again—truly say—that whether—as he said before—it was the learned doctor's object to administer learning, punish indolence, or bestow reward—he could—he would say once more—emphatically say—that—if he (Master Pipson) was any judge of a competency to teach, to correct, or to encourage—that, in that case, he could unhesitatingly, conscientiously, and confidently aver, that Dr. Latherump was in every respect—whether as a schoolmaster, or as a man—deserving of their admiration, their respect, and their kind consideration. Not to trespass any longer on the time of the meeting, he would now, at once, propose that some tribute of that admiration, respect, and kind consideration, to which he had just alluded—and, as he would say, had alluded to most truly—for what is more to be admired, respected, or kindly considered, than the character and conduct which he had shewn to be the character and conduct of Dr. Latherump? He would therefore now, once and for all, propose—just premising that he wished the task of making the proposition had been entrusted to abler hands—though he was sure it could not have been entrusted to any one more interested in its success than himself: he would, therefore, now finally propose, that some tribute of that admiration, respect, and kind consideration, which the scholars of Dr. Latherump's establishment entertained towards Dr. Latherump himself, should be provided by subscription, and properly presented by some one properly fitted to present it. (*Cheers, and cries of "No one so proper as Pipson!"*)

Master Dilbury rose to second the proposition. It was the first time he had ever risen to second any thing; but, as the senior boy of the school, he had been prompted to undertake the doing so. Though he had been backward, he was still cheered in the assurance that

"Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via

(*Voice in the crowd, "Ah, verbum personale!"*) He (Dilbury) didn't mind the jeers of the ignorant nor the contumelies of the proud. *He* was not ashamed of his Syntax; and he would recommend the gentleman who had interrupted him to apply to himself (the gentleman's self) the quotation he (the gentleman) had interrupted.

Master Pipson here rose to order: but the chairman ordered him to sit down again, saying, "Pipson, keep your seat; Smithers, hold your jaw; Dilbury, preserve your temper."

Dilbury proceeded, by asking "what he was saying when Smithers interrupted him?" and having been informed, he said it all over again, by way of getting once more into the current of his theme; and then continued with, "and he hoped that, although late in overcoming his diffidence, he *had* succeeded in the conquest, though he could not presume to say that he should come off with flying colours. (*Loud cheers, with 'Go it, Dilly!'*) He did not know what gentlemen might mean by 'Go it!'—neither did he *mean* to know what was intended by the individual who had shouted 'Dilly.' *If* that individual——"

The chairman rose to say, that, with all his respect for Syntax, there was too much of the *verbum personale* here: and that he must request Mr. Dilbury, if he objected to "*go* it," at least to "*come* it," by stating, clearly and at once, whether he intended to second Mr. Pipson's proposition. To the surprise of the meeting, Mr. Dilbury sat down.

The chairman waited; but Mr. Dilbury spoke not, rose not.

"You are still in possession of the chair," said the chairman

"The chair be blowed!" said Dilbury.

Though the exact meaning of the term "blowed" has never been positively defined, the chairman sat uneasily upon his seat. An intuitive sense of sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder seemed to agitate him. The idea of a volcanic blast evidently haunted him. He rose from the chair. He ceased to *sit*; he scorned to lie; yet he declared he would "*stand* it" no longer. "Dilbury," said he, "quit the meeting, or you will compel me to quit the chair."

"The chair be blowed!" said Dilbury.

There is a pitch of provocation so far beyond endurance as to paralyse man, and excite only "wood and stones." What might have occurred, had there been a *chair* in the place, it is impossible to say, since even the three-legged *stool*, on which the chairman sat, flew like mad at the head of the aggravating Dilbury. The hint was taken. Poor Dilly remained quiet, or, in other words, insensible; while two of his pitying companions carried him off to bed, and soothed his wounded brow with "vinegar and brown paper." During this operation the stool betook itself to its place under the chairman; and a new seconder to support the proposal of Master Pipson, was found in Master Smithers, who, amidst the cheering of all the little boys, and particularly of the mischievous ones, advanced into the vacated standing room of the departed Dilly, and thus delivered himself:—

"Mr. Chairman and Chums,—When I told poor old Dilly to 'go it,' I little thought he'd be so soon *gone;* but, as he *is* gone, I'm come to take his place, and support with my best say the proposal of Pipson. In the first place, there's not a lad in the school with a better right to speak in favour of old Latherump than myself, seeing as how he never to my knowledge spoke in favour of me.—No, my lads, he never blarneyed me. Whenever I have deserved it, I have had it pretty smartly; and if I have sometimes had *more* than I deserved, why, you know, there's the more owing to his goodness and liberality. My eye! how he *did* let into me last night for bolstering the butler; and how he *will* lay it on with a new broom presently, when he finds I don't know a line of the imposition he was so good as to give me this morning. According to the commands of old Latherump, I ought to be now a prisoner in the study, learning sixty lines of that infernal old Virgil; 'stead of which, I only snap my fingers at his commands, that I may attend here to advocate his merits; and if I can only be of assistance in voting him what he deserves, as a regular good birch brusher, he may flog away till he's in a fever and I in fits. I, therefore, Mr Chairman and Chums, beg to second the proposal of Jack Pipson, that a—a—a what?" said Smithers.

"A tribute," said Pipson.

"A tribute," continued Smithers, "of—of—what?"

"Of admiration, respect, and kind consideration," said Pipson.

"Of admiration," continued Smithers, "for the old fellow's learning, of respect for his years; and of—what is it?"

"Kind consideration——"

"Of kind consideration for the immense self-sacrifices the old rogue has made in the purchase of birch-brooms, and for the self-inflictions he has ever endured in their application; that such a tribute be provided, and properly presented by some one properly fitted to present it." (*Cheers, and cries of "No one so proper as Smithers!" responded by counter cheers, and "No one so proper as Pipson!"*)

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman," said Smithers; "but, before we quarrel about who's to do it, wouldn't it be as well to settle what's to be done, having previously settled whether any thing at all shall be done?"

The chairman then announced, in due form, the proposal and seconding; and it was agreed that the "tribute" should be agreed to.

Ryder, jun., then arose to submit an opinion as to what that "tribute" should be; and prefaced his observations with a pathetic allusion to the "self-sacrifices" which Mr. Latherump had made in stripping birch-trees of their branches, and the self-inflictions he had endured in stripping little boys of their breeches. Every boy of any observation must have observed, that while every succeeding day brought its new *rod*, no extra charge for that article had ever appeared in the half-yearly bills. Every boy, too, of any feeling, must have felt that whenever a deserving culprit writhed under the infliction of that rod, the unhappy Latherump exhibited such contortions of visage, so wild was his eye, so set his teeth, and so shortened his breathing, that it was evident he (Latherump) was himself a greater sufferer than the suffering boy. As an acknowledgment, then, of the liberal zeal and indefatigable application of their respected tutor, he (Ryder, Jun.,) would at once propose that a medal be struck, having on one side the mere residue trunk of a birch tree, entirely boughless, branchless, and twigless, with a pair of corduroys nailed to and depending from the top; while on the reverse would be exhibited, in violent juxtaposition, those peculiar features which were wanting to the completion of the objects represented on the side opposite.

Master Wagner wholly differed—he did—from the last speaker; and he should beg leave to say—he should—that he couldn't at all approve of the corduroys and birch-tree—he couldn't. He thought—he did—that Mister Ryder had mistaken the *object* of the tribute—he had. It was not so much their wish—it wasn't—to testify their sense of Dr. Latherump's disinterested efforts as a stripper and whipper, as to exhibit, in some striking way, their high approval of him as a preacher and teacher. He thought—he did—that he might say—he might—without fear of contradiction—that, whether as a fundamental usher or a finishing brusher—whether as a Christian pastor or a classic master—he thought—he did—that it was their duty—it was—substantially to express their matured judgment on the merits of the man whose business it had been to instil into them the elements of judging: and he should therefore propose—he should—that a silver muffin-dish be provided, on the cover of which would be a suitable inscription, and the names of the donors.

Master Wagner's proposal was put from the chair, seconded by one of the bench; and a show of hands being called for on the affirmative side, a remarkable dirty show immediately took place. The young gentlemen of Dr. Latherump's establishment, as it would seem, had been, with Caliban, gathering "pig-nuts" that morning. Moreover, at no time, in the doctor's "seminary," did nail-brushes abound; but warts were as plentiful as fingers; and ink being deemed a cure (if daily put on and never washed off,) the manual exhibition which presented itself was of a rather dingy, and of a very mottled, appearance. The show of hands on the negative side of the question, though it argued some division in *opinion*, only proved that, in respect to general *complexion*, the "palmy state" of Dr. Latherump's establishment was of a uniform character.—It was agreed on *all* hands that "motley was the only wear." The negatives, however, were in a minority; the muffin-dish carried the day: and a committee of the whole school, with powers to add to their number, was appointed to carry into effect the purchase and presentation of the muffin-dish.

The committee did its duty, in the provision of an elegant silver muffin-dish, with a bottom to hold hot water, and a cover, on which was inscribed the following:—

"TO DR. LATHERUMP,

As a testimony of the grateful approbation awarded to him by his Pupils.

"E'en as the muffin, glowing hot,
Beneath this cover rests,
So grateful favour, ever warm,
Shall keep within our breasts.

Though thou a many goodly birch
Hast left a twigless stump,
Yet still on memory's tree shall bloom
Thy virtues, Latherump.

Then lift the cover thankfully—
Thy mouth, too, open wide;
And may thy muffins ever be
Well butter'd on each side."

(*Then follow the names of the donors.*)

A day having been appointed for presenting the muffin-dish, a suitable address was prepared by the delegated Pipson. Dr. Latherump, however, remained in such perfect ignorance of the honour intended him, that he occasioned the temporary subversion of the intended scheme. The doctor's orchard had been robbed. He taxed all the *mischievous* boys with the theft, and all the other's with the knowledge of it; and, as he could neither convict any one of the former, nor obtain evidence from any one of the latter, he sentenced the whole school to forfeit those very play-hours which were intended to be employed in the ceremony of presenting the plate, ate his muffins from a platter of blue crockery, and, lumping together the innocent and the guilty of the "establishment," sent them all supperless to bed.

It became, then, a question with many of the subscribers, whether they should present the piece of plate with a laudatory oration as originally intended, or at once emphatically address the feelings of the doctor by "shy-ing" the muffin-dish at his head. It was thought, however, that a quieter revenge would be the more complete; and they therefore worked out their bondage and their fast, and postponed the execution of their patronage until the morrow.

The unsatisfied Latherump was about to renew his inquiries after the yet undiscovered offender, when the assembled school, headed by the delegated Pipson, approached him in a body. Latherump, thinking that the brazen front of open rebellion was before him, stood indignant and aghast, when he was at once surprised and relieved by the respectful manner in which the leader of the assembly, with the bow of a most submissive courtesy, laid before him the silver muffin-dish.

"Young gentlemen," said the abashed pedagogue, "what am I to understand by this?"

Now, without giving the exact words in which the reply was delivered, (and which, we need not say, affected to be very respectful), we report its substance to have been as follows:—

"We mean you to understand, you savage old gentleman, that, although deprived by your tyranny yesterday of our recreation and our supper, we still harbour no revenge beyond that of compelling you to own that we are merciful judges of your actions. We offer you a muffin-dish in token of forgiveness and peace, when we might have assailed your ugly old head with a volley of lexicons. In resolving to present you with this testimony of our approval, we are now obliged to confess that we rather consulted our own dignity and deserts, than yours; and we trust you will receive a lesson never to be forgotten, that your boys are henceforth your peers; and that, however *you* may hold the rod, *we* will hold the *reins*."

The answer of old Latherump, which we need not say, affected to be very dignified and affectionately condescending, was, in true meaning, as follows:—

"Who the deuce taught you to know whether I am a competent teacher or not? However the silly custom of the times, and the acceptability of a silver muffin-dish, may induce me to receive your gift, I could find it in my heart to 'lather' you all round for your impudence. The idea of a parcel of raw lads pronouncing on the merits of their master and pastor, is, to make the best of it, only 'very tolerable, and not to be endured.' I suppose I must thank you for your gift, pardon you for robbing my orchard, and grant you a half-holiday; but, depend upon it, I shall not forget to be more rigid for the future in checking your saucy presumption, and in confining you to the only privilege of childhood—that of teaching your grandmothers to suck eggs."

Fraser's Magazine. Locke, B. F.

ELOQUENT VINDICATION OF FIELD SPORTS.

A Pamphlet, dedicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Sportsmen of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by the Hon. GRANTLEY FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY, M.P., *in Reply to a Prize Essay by the Rev. John Styles, D.D., on the Claims of the Animal Creation to the Humanity of Man.* Ridgway, Piccadilly.

The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is an excellent object; but why connect it with the encouragement of bad essays? Why divert the funds for the accomplishment of the humane purpose to the production of rhodomontade and balderdash? When the amount of protection that might have been afforded to jack-asses for 100*l.* is considered, it is grievous to think that so many of the legitimate objects of the society's care have been allowed to suffer for the bounty to scribbling. If the beasts had had a voice in the parliament in which the money was voted, they would have protested against the grant, saying. "Look to our hides, instead of writing about us; your emissaries in the highways and byeways, with the Act of Parliament in their hands, will do more for us than a legion of authors and a library of tracts. The hundred pounds which you give for a prize essay would render us five hundred services which we lose the benefit of. 'If you were an ass, would you like it yourself?'"

The subject hardly needs an essay, the humanity of the age being fully alive to its merits; and if it did need an essay, it should be an essay strictly and soberly confined to the truths of the case, and scrupulously kept clear of any exaggeration or misrepresentation. There is no kind of connection between sympathy with the sufferings of animals and the slander of large classes of our fellow-men, and the business of putting down the cruelties which shock our feelings in the public thoroughfares is not in any degree advanced by inventing or imputing habits of inhumanity where they have no existence.

The object of the pamphlet before us, by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, is to vindicate sportsmen from the attacks of the prize essayist, Dr. Styles—to show that in making such attacks he has exceeded the proper province of the society's labours, as well as truth, propriety, and charity; and further, that he has committed egregrious blunders and preferred charges which are ludicrously false.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we are no sportsmen, and that we are not at all disposed to view their amusements too favourably or indulgently, but we love fair play, and we hate overcharged representations, especially when they are introduced under cover of a benevolent purpose against the spirit of which they sin.

We do not concur in Mr. Grantley Berkeley's estimate of the national advantages of the sports of the field; we are not of opinion that upon them depends all manliness and courage, for we see manliness and courage in other nations without fox-hunting and partridge-shooting; we differ from many of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's views and arguments; but we think that he succeeds perfectly in exposing Dr. Styles's exaggerations, and in showing the reverend gentleman's unfitnesses for his task; and there are several passages in the pamphlet written in a very fine spirit, and excellently expressed; indeed the whole of the latter part is extremely able, and we mark in it those happy effects in writing, which belong to a perfect knowledge of the subject handled, and an earnest love of it.

The charge of cruelty in the training of hounds is thus met and disposed of:—

"So far from the whip being indiscriminately used in well regulated kennels, the wanton or severe stripes of it are forbidden on pain of instant dismissal to the offender. For the truth of this assertion I would refer to the Dukes of Beaufort, Grafton, and Cleveland, to Lords Tavistock, Lonsdale, Segrave, Forester, and Portman, to Sir Richard Sutton, Sir John Cope, Messrs. Ashton Smith, Conyers, and Horlock, &c. Hounds will neither feed nor hunt if flogged at the moment they are called upon to do either the one or the other. You may *force* a dog to crouch at your foot—you may compel him to dance on his hinder legs, or to sit up and beg, or teach him any servile or slave-like trick, but you can no more induce him, by brutal treatment, to put forth the more noble and mysterious powers of his gifted nature, than you can force him to eat the food from the trough. Were such a system of flagellation to be attempted, where *one* fault would be whipped *out* of a hound *twenty* would be flogged *in*, and the man who turns his mind to the amusement and success of his field sports is a fool if he takes any other guide in his arrangements than that of nature. The dog may beg from fear—but the hound works alone for pleasure, and if entered by a good huntsman, should be full of confidence, exultation and delight,—and regard the men assisting in this sport rather as merry alles than as creatures tyrannising over him. There is no animal subject to the dominion of man, that takes its character from its master so much as the hound does from the huntsman. The whip will neither make him steady from hare—staid in his demeanour when approaching woods, where his powers are about to be called into activity,—or careful when at fault on a line of scent; it will not induce him to open on the truth, or seal his tongue from the proclamation of a lie. Example—manner—kindness, and attention to the development of the most generous portions of his nature, are the things most likely to make an useful hound, and the man who neglects any one of these inducements, and who resorts to *any* species of oppression or cruelty cannot be held up as a criterion by which to judge of the generality of sportsmen, or even bear their manly appellation. The whip is not a whit more required or used in kennels, than in any school which has been honoured with the care and correction of the youthful delinquencies of Doctor Styles.

"The simple facts usually practised in kennels of hounds are as follows:—Early in spring, and having arrived at maturity, the young hounds are brought into the kennel from their walks, some are as timid and shy as children of a tender age when first sent to school, or otherwise in the presence of strangers; while the rest may be sulky, morose, and savage, or bold and boisterously playful. With the peculiarity of the temper in each, the huntsman should immediately become conversant—he should walk among them, sit among them, play with and feed them, *without such a thing as a whip in his vicinity*, using coaxing and endearing epithets to all, and rendering their new situation and confinement *as happy* as possible, attending separately and collectively to the health and comfort of them all. He should grow familiar with the expression of their countenance, and their habits, and if one of them showed a sudden change from life and activity to inertness and melancholy, that hound should be immediately removed, lest madness or some other infectious disease should be about to break forth upon the community. When, out of the number of puppies brought into the kennel, the huntsman has selected those he intends to enter for his own use, the rest over and above the number should be drafted into other kennels, and the manners of the young hounds retained, mildly attended to. They should be exercised in couples, first with old hounds, who, knowing their duty, would *lead* them where to go, and as they became more handy and obedient, the young hounds should then be coupled together; and then, as their sedateness and knowledge increased, while at exercise, they should be loosed one by one, according to their docile proficiency. If fox-hounds, they should *never be flogged* for being inclined to hunt hare, because as it is their nature, and having indulged in it at their walks, they do *not know* that *it is a fault*, and a fault should never be reprehended till the hound himself *is aware of the difference* between vice and virtue. At the close of summer, and at the commencement of the hunting season, a few of these young hounds only should be taken out with the pack at a time, not more than five or six couples, and let them do what they will, *they should never be struck with the whip, or in any way harshly treated.* When they have, by constant use, learned the difference between fox, and deer, or hare, and that their proper place, when they have nothing to do, is by the side of their huntsman, then if caught red handed in a fault, the rate of the voice or the lash may be usefully bestowed, but when once they have fled from the commission of the offence, and gained the vicinity of the huntsman, let them on no account be captured for further punishment, as in one or two instances I have known to be the case, but suffer them to find that there is *one* person in the field to whom they can assuredly look in the hour of difficulty or danger for assistance and protection. This confidence between hound and man, once thoroughly established, it is to be attributed to the slow thought and tardy heel of the huntsman if there is a want of celerity in the action of the day."

The following is an eloquent rebuke:—

"There is no doubt but that the study and pursuit of natural history is one of the most beautiful which the pages of the vast universe offer to the reason-gifted mind of man. I have studied it; from a boy it has been one of my favorite occupations, and the more I have looked into the mysteries and curiously minute mechanism of the moveable creation, the more exalted has become my sense of the wonderful superiority of the hand which arranged its symmetrical perfections. I can stand in the wilderness, and recognise by its peculiar note the position of every sort of bird, though screened by the foliage; and when passing at distance through the air, when their plumage, size, and shape are undistinguishable, I know by their method of flight to what class they belong. There is scarcely a bird or beast naturalized to our climate that I have not tamed, and observed the degrees of attachment of which each was capable, and the study of the canine race has been my peculiar pleasure. Men who have not studied the noble nature of the dog, remarked upon his reasoning, felt and returned that extraordinary affection of which his unfailing fidelity offers so superior an example, are no more capable of estimating the degrees of regard in which the sportsman holds the animal, than they are to judge of effects—of the natural causes of which they are utterly ignorant. If Doctor Styles had studied natural history, 'it might have purified his heart, and raised it above the low and grovelling desire' to attain the prize of a hundred pounds *at the expense of the Christian characters of some of his neighbors*, and have impressed more deeply on his mind than his own doctrines seem to have done, one of the most simple and beautiful behests of heaven,—Charity to his neighbor and love to all mankind. He would not then have 'denied goodness to the angler,' or humanity to the sportsman, or been so lamentably deficient in that 'practical Christianity,' the 'diffusion of which' he recommends 'throughout the land.'"

Here is a graphic sketch, concluding with a reproof not the less effective for the amiable spirit which accompanies it:—

"Now, as in this review I am determined to state nothing that I *do not know*, I will take the reader to one of the hills in the park of Berkeley, the scene of all those amusements for the pursuit of which we, as well as all other sportsmen, are so sweepingly condemned by Doctor Styles; the time of year shall be the spring, and the day beautiful. Around us are idly grazing the sleek and fatting herds of red and fallow deer, whose dappled skins and many twinkling ears, as they shake them at the flies, give a quiet life to the otherwise dreamy calm which surrounds us, while the hare and rabbit, and the gorgeous pheasant, gambol or strut beneath the hawthorns, the bloom of which is loud with the harmony of nature. On yonder drain or earth there sits an old vixen fox, while on the short green sward beneath are her litter of cubs, either basking in the sun, or climbing sportively on little hillocks, whence to spring on the backs of their fellows, and roll them over in mimic battle; occasionally she raises her sharp eyes on the flap of the wood pigeon's wing, who is cooing to her mate in peaceful security in the venerable oak, from beneath which an old hunter, loosed in the park for life, gazes wistfully into the grassy vale, seemingly uncertain whether a low from the distant dairy cow might not be the horn of the chase in which he used so joyously to share. Yonder, too, is a huge deer greyhound idling around the park lodge, taking no more notice of the deer than if they were so many sheep. All—all are wrapped in security and rest. Now, I confess that in such scenes as these, when passive nature spreads her loveliest lap, like a garden of Eden, to disclose the living creatures of God's creation in their most peaceful and mirthful occupations, when a thousand flowers scent the air, and the lark wings her tremulous way to the skies, as if to seek a blessing, or sing her thanks to that Being whose sun calls forth the hues of summer, my heart and soul are too full of admiration, are too fraught with the genuine thankfulness of nature, to blaspheme the visible perfections of the universe and the multitude of blessings it contains, or to let me think of 'pandemonium,' or dream that 'a breath of air from the devil is passing over and poisoning' such scenes of earthly happiness. No;—I leave the Reverend Doctor Styles to these amiable conclusions, and if he cannot draw more comfortable consolation from a research, which, if made rightly, *in my opinion should cheer rather than depress us* in our pilgrimage through the world, why from my soul I pity him."

London Examiner

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Race at Petersburgh.—We cannot hear till to-morrow the result of this great race, in which *Boston*, *The Queen*, and *Omega* are to contend. It has awakened the most general interest here, and inquiries are constantly made of us as to the last news from the different stables. Boston is here the favorite at two to one; by the latest accounts he was the favorite likewise in Virginia; but two to one ought not to go a-begging.

By an inadvertence, the time of the Union Course races, which has been changed from the 1st to the 2d Tuesday in October, was not last week changed in the advertisement in this paper. We trust that no one was misled.

And we may as well correct another error. While writing of the recent match against time won by that very fine mare *Empress*, some one began to talk to us of *Lady Suffolk*, another "fast crab," and in the hurry of the moment we marked in her name once in the place of that of *Empress*. It was again overlooked in the proof.

Sale of Blood Stock.—The following is a list of Mr. H. DANIEL'S blood stock, which was sold by auction on Saturday, the 14th inst.:—

1. *Diana*, by Gallatin, dam by Kentucky Whip, 12 years; stinted to Frank—John Brennan ..... $ 555
2. *Directress*, by Dirctor, dam by Potomac, and stinted to Imp. Zinganee—A. L. Shotwell 400
3. *Martha Bertrand*, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, grandam by Dare Devil, 5 yrs. and stinted to Frank—S. Herndon 100
4. *Maria Louisa*, by Mucklejohn, out of Diana, 7 yrs., and stinted to Medoc—S. Herndon 1000
5. *Pauline*, by Shakspeare, out of Diana, 5 yrs.; stinted to Frank—S. Herndon 120
6. *Pod Frazer*, b. c by Mucklejohn, out of Pauline, 2 yrs. Col. A. Morgan 200
7. *Sugar Trees*, b. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Hamiltonian, 2 yrs.—S. Herndon 125
8. *La Belle*, b. f. full sister to Maria Louisa, 2 yrs.—J. L. Bradley 1200
9. Gr. f. by Archie Montorio, out of Paragon, by Spread Eagle, 3 yrs.—C. Hunt 84
10. B. c. *The Duke of Marlborough*, by Imp. Tranby, out of the Duchess of Marlborough, 1 year—M. Boswell 725
11. B. f. *Lasso*, full sister to Maria Louisa, 1 year—J. L. Bradley 710
12. A suckling filly by Imp. Tranby, out of Maria Louisa—J. L. Bradley 125
13. A suckling colt by Enceiro, dam by Bertrand—D. F. Kenner, Esq., of La 150

The Regatta.—On Tuesday next comes off the Annual Regatta of the Amateur Boat Club Association; for the value of the prizes to be rowed for, and the number of boats entered for them, it will surpass all former displays of the kind in our harbor. The full details may be found in the daily papers; we may add that the great attraction of the day will be the race in which the *Wave*, of this city, and the *Anne*, of Peeksville, are entered, with others. The struggle will be between the *Wave* and *Anne*, and the former will probably be a favorite in the betting. But be not too sure, my masters, for the *Anne* is one of the finest boats in the world, and her crew is surpassingly strong.

One of the prizes to be rowed for, is a boat given by CROLIUS, the celebrated boat-builder; we are glad to see him coming forward thus handsomely to encourage the sport.

Can any of our friends of the Boat Club Association inform us "What is the best time made by a six-oared barge, four, five, and six miles?

Also the best time made by an eight-oared, same distances?—and any further information relative to time in "barge races," will be thankfully received. We wish the information for a friend.

We learn that the artist DE LATTRE is expected soon to visit New York. He was for some time engaged in Virginia and Maryland, but more recently has been at work in Philadelphia. It is so rarely that an animal painter can be found among us, that we advise owners of fine horses and cattle to improve the opportunity of his visit.

There would appear to be a great demand for riders in this country; constant applications are made to us for two and three year old riders. To serve several friends, we have ridden ourselves not a few races hither and thither in quest of the right boys, but uniformly with ill success. Will this explanation be satisfactory to those gentlemen who have received no more direct reply to their applications to us?

LEXINGTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

By the annexed report, received from one of our special correspondents, we learn that the Fall races over the *Association Course* commenced on the 17th inst. under inauspicious circumstances. The assemblage, notwithstanding, was good, and the arrangements gave general satisfaction. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Association for the ensuing year:—A. D. HUNT, Esq., Pres't; John Brennan, Esq., 1st, and W. M. Brand, Esq., 2d Vice-Pres'ts; Edwin Bryant, Esq, Secretary; J. Wheeler, Esq., Treasurer; G. L Postlethwate, Alex. Morgan, and H. Clay, Jr., Esqrs., Stewards; J. L. Bradley and John West, Esqrs., Timers.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seventeen subs. at $500 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. K Duke's ch. c. *Telloman*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter	1	1
Jas. Shy's ch. c. *Ashland*, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson, by Sumpter	2	2
W. S. Buford, jr.'s b. f. by Medoc, out of Vanity	dist.	

Time, 4:08—4:17.

From the rain that fell early in the morning, the track was rather heavy. Ashland was the favorite, who made play, Telloman 2d, and the filly well up. No change of any moment occurred till they came to the last half mile, when Telloman closed and soon defeated Ashland, and came home a winner in a common canter, distancing the filly. It is but justice, however, to remark, that she was entirely out of condition before starting.

The 2d heat was an open and shut affair. Telloman led from end to end, and won hard in hand.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse $300, ent. $25, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's (Thos. Van Swearengen's) ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, out of Lady Grey by Sir Richard, 3 yrs	4	1	1
James J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	3	3	2
J. K. Duke's (Geo. W. Brand's) ch. c. *Vertner*, by Medoc, out of Lady Adams by Whipster, 3 yrs	1	2	dr
John Brennan's (J. M. Pindell's) b. f. *Great Western*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	dist.	
Sydney Burbridge's (L. K. Grigsby's) b. c. *Brother to Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, 3 y.	5	dist.	
R. Burbridge's b. f. *Mary Ann*, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 4 yrs	6	dist.	
W. Viley's b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	dist.		
R. R. Jenkins' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 4:11—4:07—4:14

The weather to-day was more propitious than the preceding one, and the attractions offered drew to the course a remarkably full and fashionable attendance; the field was thronged with equipages, and the members' stand presented a brilliant galaxy of beauty and fashion. Betting—Vertner vs. the field; 3 to 1 against Mary Brennan, 4 to 1 against Great Western, and 5 to 1 against Darnley. After one false start, the horses got off in pretty good order. Darnley had the lead for the first half mile, Vertner, Robert Bruce, Great Western, and Mary Brennan laying well up, when Vertner took the lead, and Mary Brennan the 2d place, until they came to the 1st turn in the 2d round, when the latter yielded her place to Robert Bruce, who began to assume the appearance of a winner. Great Western also laid pretty well forward, and when about a quarter of a mile from home, she drew out from the crowd, went up to Vertner's quarter's, but soon gave up, allowing the colt to win by three or four lengths.

2d heat.—Betting was now 7 to 1 in favor of Vertner, and few takers. The heat was a very severe one, the favorite again having the best of the field. Vertner and Darnley went at it from the score, both together; there was no flinching till they entered on the 2d mile, where Vertner began to flag a little, and Darnley widened the gap between them at every stride, and finished the heat by winning under a hard pull, Vertner 2d, Robert Bruce 3d, and the rest distanced.

3d heat.—Darnley had it all his own way, and won very handily.

NORFOLK (Va.) FALL RACES.

"The Corinthian" arrived at Norfolk on Thursday morning, the 19th, and left immediately after the four mile race, for Baltimore, on his way to Louisville. He sends the report annexed:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Match, $200 a side, Club weights. Mile heats.

Thos. Williams' b. h. *Friendship*, by Chanticleer, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	1
E. J. Wilson's b. m. *Eliza*, own sister to Hornblower, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:56—1:56.

Friendship won handily; his dam is believed to be a cold-blooded mare. Hornblower's sister did not make much of a show; report says she was bought out of the wagon of our old friend Maj. COOK, of Hightstown, N. J.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	1	1
Otway P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:55—3:57.

A pretty good race for Fanny, considering her condition; she probably has never been up to the mark since her race with Lady Cliffden, Picton, and Mingo, on Long Island, though she has won a race. Tom Walker is rather a sharp horse, and out of Experiment's dam, too, I believe.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, with a Post Stake of $1000 each, P.P., between Messrs. Johnson, Hare, and Wilson. Four mile haats.

Ed. J. Wilson's (Charles Hatcher's) gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's (W. Livingston's) b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler, 4 y.	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 6 yrs	*	

Time, 7:54—7:57. * Broke down.

The winner was in fine order, and the favourite; she is a bloodlike looking mare, with the finest quarters and shoulders I have lately seen. Her usual rider (who is a capital one, by-the-bye,) is down with the bilious fever, so that Wilson was obliged to put up a little fellow, as black as the ace of spades, who rejoices in the aristocratic and euphonious cognomen of George Washington Sumner, for shortness yclept *Wash*. Job was much too high for four mile heats, and this race will do him service. His form looks much more matured than when he ran on the Island with Fordham, who, by the way, has not been doing very well, Col. JOHNSON tells me. Mary Blunt was in fine health, and had Gil. Patrick on her back; but for a well grounded suspicion that her leg would give way, she would have been the favourite at odds. She made the running for three miles and a half with Omega, who led all the way, but being called on, she broke down, and was walked to the stand. Job did not run for the heat. The odds were now 5 to 1 on Omega, who led from the score and won cleverly by four or five lengths.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Citizens' Purse $400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. c. *Buck Eye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page, 4 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. c. *Tom Hoskins*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, – yrs	2	2

Time, 5:50—5:56.

ORANGE C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES.

CULPEPER C. H., Sept. 19, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I have been requested by the Secretary of the Orange Court House Jockey Club, to forward to you for publication the annexed report of their Fall races. Respectfully your ob't serv't, G.

The Orange C. H. Fall Races, commenced on Monday last, and continued three days. The course was new, and when the racers arrived with their horses the track had just been ploughed for the first time, and was of course deep and rough. Under the circumstances the racing was capital.

MONDAY, Sept. 16, 1839—Purse $100, ent. $7,50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 80lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. f. *Betsey Colman*, by Goliah, 4 yrs	1	1
Capt. T. Davis' ch. f. *Faith*, by Goliah, dam by Herod, 4 yrs	4	2
Col. Duval's br. f. by Industry, 4 yrs	3	3
James Willis' bl. h. by Truffle, 5 yrs	2	dr

Time, 1:53—1:56.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17—Purse $200, ent. $10, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm L. White's ch. c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliah, 4 yrs	1	1
J. C. Gibson's b. c. *Dandridge*, by Imp. Zinganee, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 3:58½—3:58.

This race excited in the neighborhood a good deal of interest, as both nags were favorites, and had won fame before. Jack however had the call in the betting circle. It was known that Dandridge had been lamed by getting hung in his stall at Lee's Springs, and had not been galloped a single time for fourteen days, and for the first time after the accident, two days before the race. It was palpable to his trainer that he was off his foot, as horses beat him in a brush that he had always beat before. The second heat was a beautiful one, and well contested, and was lost by about seven feet.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Purse $100, ent. $7,50, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. *John Hampden*, by Goliah, – yrs	3	3	1	1
Col. Duval's b. f. by Imp. Zinganee, 4 yrs	0	1	2	dr
James Willis' bl. h. by Truffle	0	2		dr

Time, 1:48—1:49—1:53.

SOUTHAMPTON (Va.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Cross Keys Course* commenced on the 17th Sept., and continued three days.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $150 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James Talley's b. c. by Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux	2	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's *Joe Rowser*, by Imp. Fylde	dist.	
C. Stith's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Skylark	pd.ft.	

Time, 1:54—2:03.

The Eclipse filly was lame, and could not start, Joe Rowser, after running a quarter of a mile, flung one of his plates, and turned completely over, and Black Boy, a very promising colt, was completely choked up with the distemper.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. ——'s *The Queen*	1	1
Mr. Talley's m	2	dr

Time, 3:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 19—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's *Fleta*, by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas	1	1
James Talley's *Betsey White*, by Goliah	3	2
John S. Corbin's *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough	2	3

Time, 8:00—8:05. Won very easily.

In running the 2d mile of the 2d heat, Bandit ran upon Fleta, and cut her very severely, so much so as to make her complain after the heat, and probably throw her out of training for several weeks.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before, sub. $25 each, with $50 added. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's *Cashier*, by Goliah	1	1
James Talley's ch. m. by Timoleon	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d not given.

MONTREAL (L. C.) RACES.

Yesterday being the first day of the Races, the *St. Pierre Course* was visited by a great concourse of people, to witness the contest for the Queen's Plate. The weather was very fine, but rather warm for field sports. Nevertheless, a good many strangers were present; and the proceedings of the day were closed without any unpleasant incident to mar their enjoyment.

MONDAY, Aug. 19.

The *Queen's Plate* of 50 guineas, the gift of our Most Gracious Sovereign; entrance £5; heats, two miles; open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, 3 year olds to carry 8st 2lb; four, 9st 3lb; five, 9st 9lb; six and aged, 10st.

Mr. Yarker's ch. c. *Sovereign*, by Henry, out of Cottage Girl, by Eclipse, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb	1	1
Hon. R. M. Harwood's b. c. Young Daghee, by Daghee, out of Matilda, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb	2	2
Mr. D. W. Crerar's ch. h. Sir John, by Young Sir Walter, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb	dist.	

This race did not afford much sport, and the prize was won easily by Sovereign, taking and keeping the lead in both heats. Daghee bolted twice, and Sir John was distanced.

The *Montreal Stakes* of £15; entrance £1 10; open to all horses; heats, one mile and a distance; 3 year olds 7st 3lb, four 8st 4lb, five 8st 13lb, six 9st 4lb, and aged 9st 7lb; the winner to be claimed for £35.

Mr. Baird's b. g. *Shillelagh*, aged, 9st 4lb	1	1
Capt. Shirley's Maid of Honor (late Simcoe Lass), 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	2	2
Mr. Paynter's b. m. Miss Squeers, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	dist.	
Mr. Butler's ch. g. Young Cock of the Rock, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	dist.	

This race did not afford much sport, but was a tolerable contest; the Maid of Honor contesting both heats with the winner in no discreditable manner.

The *Turf Club Purse* of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, P.P.; three mile heats; free to all horses; Club weights, viz.: 3 year olds 6st 9lb, four 7st 9lb, five 8st 4lb, six 8st 10lb, and aged, 9st.

Captain Shirley's gr. m. *The Queen*, by Autocrat, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb	1	1	
Mr. Crauford's ch. h. Tom Kimble, aged, 9st	3	2	
Mr. Robert James' b. g. Thomas Ludlow, aged, 8st 11lb	2	dr	

This was by far the best race of the day, and afforded excellent sport. In both heats Tom Kimble took the lead. In the third mile of the first, he kept it till near the distance post, when both horses passed him, his rider evidently pulling up. In the second heat Tom Kimble, as we stated, again took the lead, and kept it till half way round the second mile, when The Queen came up to him. A beautiful race ensued till they passed the distance post, when The Queen took the lead, and won easily.

The races, on TUESDAY, afforded excellent sport, and a good deal of interest.

The Proprietor's Purse of £30 was contested by Mr. Richard's Little York, late Huron, and Mr. James' Thomas Ludlow, and won by the latter by scarcely a length.

The Garrison Plate of £60 afforded sport almost unexampled on the St. Pierre Course. It was contested by Lieut. Colonel Whyte's Cheroot, ridden by Major Gugy; by Captain Mitchell's Blue Bonnet, ridden by Mr. Pipon, King's Dragoon Guards; by Mr. Dickenson's (15th Regiment) Silk Stockings, ridden by the owner; by Captain Shirley's (7th Hussars) Midas, ridden by the owner; and by Captain Bogle's Nun, ridden by Captain Lindsay, Grenadier Guards. This race was keenly contested, and very heavy bets depended upon it. Contrary, however, to the expectations of even the knowing ones, the Nun showed more power than she was supposed to possess, and won the race in gallant style.

The Ladies' Purse of £25 was won by Mr. Richard's Hambletonian, beating Mr. Bernard's Polly Jones; but the competition is said to have been merely a nominal one.

The last race of the day was for the Lachine Troop of Cavalry Purse of £15, which was easily won by Mr. Somerville's Betsey Baker.

[The report of Wednesday's sport has been mislaid by us, and we shall be indebted to any gentleman in Canada who will supply us with it.]

THURSDAY, though the last day of the races, was by no means deficient in sport; and had it not been for the accident which occurred to Mr. Farquhar would have gone over with unmixed satisfaction. In riding the hurdle race Mr. Farquhar's horse stumbled and fell upon him; and we regret to say that his thigh was broken in two places.

This race was for £3 each, to which the stewards added £15, and was won by Captain Jones' Prince Charlie, ridden by Major Guy, beating Mr. Courtenay's Jewess, Mr. Penner's Sporting Bess, Captain Mitchell's Blue Bonnet, and Mr. Baird's Shillelagh.

The second race was for the City Purse of £25, which was won by Captain Shirley's Midas, beating Mr. Richard's Jack Downing, and the Hon. Captain Lindsay's Nun.

The third race was a Skurry Race, of half mile heats, gentlemen riders, in cocked hats, which was won by Mr. A. P. Hart's Beauty, beating Lord Charles Beauclerc's Mr. Leo Hunter, the Hon. Capt. Leicester's Selim, and Mr. Freeling's Flying Sappuly.

The fourth race was for a purse of £25, given by the Officers of the 7th Hussars, free to all horses, which was won by Captain Shirley's Queen, beating Mr. Richard's Hambletonian.

The last race was for the Beaten Plate of £10, which was won by Mr. Richard's Little York, beating Captain Mitchell's Blue Bonnet, and Mr. Paynter's Arabella Winkle.

Thus terminated the Montreal Races for 1839, which, taken all in all, afforded as much sport as any races ever held on our Course.

Montreal Gazette.

HUNTINGDON (L. C.) RACES.

We are glad to learn that during the two days of the Huntingdon Races, the sports were well attended from all parts of the surrounding country—there being, at least, three thousand persons present. The Course, which was finished by Mr. John Somerville, was in excellent order, and every thing went off to the unqualified satisfaction of all who attended the races.

The first of the first day's races, was the Trial Stakes of £10, which was won by Dr. Phillips' Coquette—beating four others.

The second was for the Turf Club Purse of £20, which was won by Mr. Crawford's Tom Kimble.

The third race was for the Ladies' Purse of £8, which was won by Mr. Lunan's Lady Duncan.

The fourth was the Troop Race, the first class, for £7 10s. and was won by Corporal Mason's Doubtful.

The first race of the second day was for the Village Purse of £10, which was won by Dr. Phillips' Coquette.

The second was the Troop Race, second class, for £15, which was also won by Corporal's Mason's Doubtful.

Mr. Baird's Shillelagh walked over the course for the Beaten Plate.

The races were concluded by a match for £5, between Mr. Somerville's Governor, and Mr. Schuler's Betsey, which was won by the former.

Montreal Gazette.

BOBBING, OR AN ANGLING HERESY.

On the OCMULGEE River, Geo., Aug. 29, 1839.

How does it happen, my dear Mr. Editor, that in these days of inquiry and research, when almost every subject is taken up, cussed, and discussed, no one has yet given the sporting world a dissertation on the glorious art of bobbing? The question has again and again suggested itself to me, and the only answer I can give, is, that there is no one who can do justice to the subject. Would that the grave could yield up old Izaak Walton for two days, that he might devote *one* to bobbing, and *one* to giving an account of it! But, alas! the stern fates deny that, and we must only look forward to brighter and more palmy days, when another Izaak shall arise, and rescue this noble sport from oblivion. In the meantime, Mr. Editor, will you allow an humble disciple of the great man just mentioned, to wile away a few minutes by indulging in delightful reminiscences connected with that sport, and if possible, at the same time afford you some amusement. I do not mean to dive into musty antiquity to fish out the origin of the art of bobbing, suffice it to say, it must have commenced soon after fly-fishing, as it is the highest branch of that kind of angling. I say the *highest* branch of angling, for it will be admitted on all sides, that any thing that surpasses fly-fishing, is A. No. 1, and that bobbing *does* surpass fishing with the fly, I will maintain in spite of all odds, and will try to convince a few others. I am fully aware of the difficulty of my task; I know that I shall be *carped* at; I know the flyers will one and all *rise* up against me, in their wrath; and what grieves me more than any thing else, is the fear that "you too," Mr. Editor, will fly off at a tangent, and join my opponents. But, "*fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*" Future ages will do me justice, when little Roberts shall grow up to practise the *Art of Bobbing*. Cheered by this prospect, I will not despair, but manfully bob along. Bobbing is fly-fishing on a larger scale The bob itself is made by "*seasoning*" three or four large hooks on a *very strong* line, back to back; you then procure feathers of all colors, gaudy pieces of cloth, &c., and tie them firmly over the hooks on the line; when completed, the bob should be as large as a young duck, (the skin of which, by-the-bye, when carefully stuffed, makes the best bob). Choose then a long, light, rod, and a strong reel, on which have about thirty yards of the strongest silk line.

Thus accoutred, let the angler, on a warm day in June or July, or the end of September, (if cloudy, so much the better,) step into his light skiff, with a skilful paddler, and glide down the river or creek, as noiselessly as possible. The angler must sit in the prow of the boat, and with about 6 ft. of line out, PLAY the bob backwards and forwards on the water. The fish that are so taken are called *trout*, though they evidently belong to the perch tribe. They resemble the black bass of the North, but afford more sport to the angler, and better eating to the epicure. I think they are peculiar to the Southern States, and in some of them they weigh from 12 to 15 lbs. Now, Mr. Editor, can you imagine any thing finer than to hear a *strike* in the water, and to see a noble trout of 10 or 15 lbs. rise at your gigantic fly, taking it in his enormous jaws, with as much ease as a Long Island trout would swallow a black midge—to feel the gallant fellow dart off to the bottom of the stream, spinning out nearly all your line—to watch your good rod as it creaks and bends under the severe pull, and then anxiously to await the death struggle, (which is always made by their springing from two to six feet out of the water); and when that is over, to see him float worn out, by the side of the boat, displaying the bright spots and beautiful colors for which they are remarkable, and finally to slip your net under him, and delighted, deposit him safely in your basket? Does fly-fishing beat that? I have thrown my line in the rivers of Canada, in the northern lakes, in the far-famed Stump pond, in almost every river and pond south of that, as far as the interior of Ga., and even under the very falls of Niagara, but never have I seen any thing to equal bobbing.

BOB.

HOW TO GIVE INCREASED INTEREST TO RACING.

Dear Sir,—If individual experience and ocular demonstration were not convincing proof of the fact, no reader of your "Sporting Magazine" and "Spirit" can resist the evidence which *they* furnish, of a wide-spread and all-pervading enthusiasm for the Blood Horse and the Turf. Nothing can be more gratifying to the friends of this noble animal, and of this manly and characteristic national sport, than to witness the lively interest taken in them by worthy and respectable gentlemen in all parts of the country, and the zeal manifested by your numerous talented contributors, for the honor and welfare of the cause. If the spirit and feeling which run through all the communications are generally adopted and practised, the condition of the turf will be greatly elevated in the public estimation, and such acquisitions from the enterprising and wealthy may be looked for as will ensure for these sports a permanent popularity. One of your correspondents, who appears to be well versed in these matters, remarks that the turf in America is about where the English was some seventy or eighty years since, as it respects the style and system of racing—that is, running mostly long distances of heats, and with light weights. The English practices originated in the conditions annexed to the Royal Plates, which, in the early period of the English turf, were the objects of the most exciting competition: and these conditions were imposed with a view to encourage a breed of stout and lasting runners. It is worthy of remark, and should be treasured in the memory of every breeder, that none but the thorough-bred descendant from a pure eastern source could ever succeed in these long races of heats. Hence it became the fashion to breed for stoutness and durability; and with the certainty of obtaining a successful result, as against those which had a taint of native blood, they early instituted the system of carefully preserving the races distinct, and of handing down authentic records by which the racing stock of the present day can be identified. Within the last sixty or eighty years, however, a radical change has been wrought in the form and powers of the English race horse, by which great size and increased speed have been added to the lasting qualities of the native Arabian. These beneficial results have principally been attained by adopting a new system of racing—that is, by substituting in a great degree sweepstakes at shorter distances, with very heavy weights, going once only over the course. for the Royal Plate races of heats. Not that horses might not have improved equally upon a Plate course as a Sweepstake course, but the Plates (£100) did not afford sufficient stimulants to keep alive the sport, and *they* were confined to old horses. By degrees sweepstakes and produce stakes for the young 'uns came to be introduced, and they were so popular as to become the most influential events of every meeting; and although the Royal Plates are still given, yet their conditions are greatly ameliorated, and better adapted to the present public taste, and even with these modifications, it is rare that a first rate horse ever starts for a plate now-a-days, if he have any other engagements. Therefore it may be assumed that Sweepstakes have been the principal cause of the improvement of the blood horse in England; the amounts and conditions embrace such a variety as to suit every horse, whether good, bad, or indifferent, and every owner, whether rich or poor. Although the public money given in the United States by the Jockey Clubs greatly exceeds the amount contributed from every source in England, yet recent movements indicate a decided preference for Sweepstakes, and from present appearances, they are likely to supersede in interest and competition the largest Jockey Club purses—that is, they will be for a much larger amount, and will bring out larger fields of better horses; and the time is not distant when they will become the principal attraction of every meeting.

In this view of the subject, I beg leave to make some suggestions to the Jockey Club Associations throughout the country. We learn from the valuable statistical tables published in your journal, that there are in the United States upwards of 100 race courses and Jockey Clubs, a large portion of which have two meetings annually: estimating the purses for each course to average $2000 per annum, (which is probably below the mark,) the amount would exceed $200,000 of public contributions to encourage racing, and breeding the blood horse. Nothing is so disheartening to the friends of the turf, who have regularly paid their subscriptions for years, as to see the best day of a meeting, and the best purse of the J. C., go off without a race, or, as often happens, with such a one as does not excite the least interest to the public. This, if practicable, should be reformed altogether—horses should earn their money, and the assemblage should be gratified with a race. I have very often thought of the best means of obviating this evil—an evil which has deprived every Jockey Club of many a good subscriber, and cooled the fervor of many a staunch supporter of the turf—but as often as this thing has been turned in my mind, until I saw the conditions of the "Gold Stakes," at Lexington, Ky., this plan, which I beg leave to suggest, never entered my mind. The plan is to offer a purse, or plate, (part of the J. C. purse,) to be added to a sweepstakes, with such conditions as will be most likely to ensure a rich prize and a good field; but if the sweepstakes should fail to fill, then let the money be apportioned in the general way. Suppose the fund should amount to $1500 annually, let the Jockey Club pass a resolution to give an annual purse of $500, added to a sweepstakes of $300 each, $100 ft., two mile heats, for all ages, 10 or more to make a race, the second horse to save his stakes, to close 1st Jan. before the meeting. If the stakes should not fill, no harm would result; if it did fill, there would be plenty of horses to run for the other purses. In many instances, where there are only $1500 divided into four purses, the inducement is not sufficient for horses to travel from a distance, but if the owner had a good horse in such a sweepstakes, where the purse could not be less than $1500, and might be $3000, it would be worth his best attention. The same principle might advantageously be applied in distributing other portions of the purse, $200 to one race—$100 to another, with a proportionally low subscription, all of which would tend to increase the competition, and enliven the sport; and no Jockey Club purse should be suffered to go without a *bona fide* race; this I think the public, who contribute the money, have a right to expect, as the sport is all they can have for their money. In England many a good race is got up, over the country courses, by giving $100 or $200, added to sweepstakes of $15 to $25 each, and some of the very best are for splendid cups, where the entrance does not exceed $100 each. These, however, are mostly handicap races, in which horses carry weight according to their performance, thus equalizing the chances of all, and giving increased interest to the contest. Instead of handicapping, we adopt the plan of excluding the winner of one Jockey Club purse from starting for another during the same meeting, certainly a very simple mode of disqualifying a horse by reason of his ascertained superiority, but of very questionable policy as regards its effect upon the sport.

Should the plan here suggested be carried into effect, of appropriating annually certain portions of the J.C. funds for the encouragement of sweepstakes, it is highly probable that at many of the first rate courses, these stakes would fill to the extent of 50 to 100 subs, and at the second rate ones from 10 to 30, which would bring together such fields of horses, and produce such spirited racing, as we shall never witness for an ordinary Jockey Club purse. The influence which the proposed change would have on the general welfare of the turf can be (as the novelists say) more readily imagined than described, especially at the courses in the interior, where it is not common to see more than three to five horses start for any race, and where the country people take little or no interest in the matter.

Bring a large number of horses and owners together at any well organized course, the sport is sure to be increased—a sensation will be excited in the surrounding country, and a feeling favorable to the cause extensively diffused through the community. The more racing, the more numerous and respectable will be the public audience, and the more money will be contributed. Many people are kept from races on account of the meagreness of the sport, and the uncertainty of seeing a race, and hundreds who seldom go, would be seen to attend if the sport continued through the day. It would be greatly to the interest of all parties never to have a blank day during the meeting—but on the other hand, to provide at least *two* races of heats for each day, and where there are not more than six races at a meeting, get through the whole business in three days, instead of spinning it out, as is too often the case, to six. The attendance would be more numerous, the gratification increased, and time would be saved both to the race going public, and to the horses which might have occasion to travel to some other course where they had engagements. The racing season in most of the States is rather short, the best part of it limited to six or eight weeks in the Fall, and during that short space time is of the utmost value to race horses; where courses are not more than fifty or sixty miles asunder, and each meeting does not furnish more than half a dozen races, they might follow each other weekly, by limiting each to three days, time enough in all conscience for six races. A good understanding in this particular among Jockey Clubs is highly essential to the prosperity of the turf, and greatly to the interests of the owners of horses. I will conclude this long yarn with one more suggestion, respecting the start. After trying almost every expedient which the ingenuity of man could devise, that which has given the most general satisfaction is the plan now adopted at Newmarket, and most of the other courses in England. It is managed after this fashion. Two flags are provided, one in the hand of the starter, and one held by a man stationed about 100 yards in advance, by the side of the track. The starter orders the horses to be brought within a convenient space behind the post, and upon enquiry, "are you ready?" as a signal for preparation, as soon as he sees they are all within the required distance, he gives the word "off," or "go," accompanied with a fall of the flag. If the start be a fair one, he keeps the flag down, and that in advance is lowered accordingly—but on the contrary, if the start be false, he immediately raises it again, and the one in advance remains flying, which is a signal for the horses to pull up and try again.

AMICUS.

BREEDING IN OHIO.

ST. MARY'S, Ohio, Sept. 14, 1839.

Mr. Spirit,—Though we are strangers personally, and perhaps like to be so, we are not altogether unacquainted; and being out upon a tour of observation, to kill time, and vegetate for a while in a higher latitude than our city of Orleans, why should not I take airs and be a *letter writer*, as well as our friend *Pete* of the Devil's Fork, and other great men, who for want of something better, talk of themselves, when they can find publishers?

But I've resolved to write, and being of that unfortunate class that has neither kith nor kin living, with whom I am in arrears,—I know of no one to whom I am so much indebted as yourself, for I have long been a subscriber to the "Spirit," and have contributed nothing towards keeping it up, as a faithful chronicle of the times, save my yearly subscription in good time, and reading and speaking of it in all crowds where I would be likely to find chaps who would patronize, if they were sensible of its merits.—I have lots of long yarns I could tell, of incidents, accidents, and scrapes, which have fallen under my observation since the morning of the 5th of July, when I started to find the sources of the Mississippi, and go thence where circumstances might direct, till October. These incidents are such as running foul of a snag at midnight, and the confusion consequent; a wolf, bear, fox, and squirrel hunt; killing deer and fish in the lakes at night; over-land trip to Chicago; fresh water *sea sickness* on Lake Michigan; poney racing amongst the Indians; and as they would furnish a chapter each, perhaps I may serve them up as reminiscences, *in the rough*, if you can contrive to make use of any part of them in your selection of articles. But my purpose for the present, is to acknowledge the pleasure derived from a full file of the "Spirit," to which I have had access for a few days, during which it has been my pleasure to stop in this town of some 600 inhabitants, and to give you, and thence to the world, my opinion of two imported horses which I find here, quite out of the *Race Horse region*, though in the hands of a man destined to figure on the turf, if industry, zeal, and good luck attend his efforts for a few years. In fact I think so highly of the horses, and the get of one of them, (six colts and six fillies, I have seen, all from Loft mares) that I deem it high time that sporting men, particularly breeders of turf horses, should know that such animals are amongst us and within their reach at such rates, as will fully justify them in trying a cross upon the best mares in the country.

I had seen Capt. Riley's notice of these horses in the Spirit of last October, and recollected reading it, and comparing the horses in *my mind* with Clay's *Stamboul*, and the two horses brought by the same gentleman to Gen. Jackson in 1833, but never until accident threw me in the way of them and their present owner, a son of Capt. Riley, author of *Riley's Narrative*, did I conceive them as worth more to breed from than native stock. But, Mr. Spirit, I feel so fully convinced that these horses are the fountain pure of the barbarian country, and just the thing for our Southern climate to bring up, and impart to our small horses more bone, solidity, and strength, that I believe it a duty as a patron of the turf, to call the attention of some of the knowing ones, and suggest the propriety of ascertaining by means of such mares as *Black Maria, Rodolph's* dam, *Angora*, and others that could be detailed from many of the stables of Virginia, Kentucky, or Alabama, whether one or both of them may not prove *Godolphins:* and I now declare an intention of practising what I advise, by sending one mare to each next year. if I can procure those which have bred winners at a price within the size of my pile. *Mazyoube*, a barb, or half barb, is the most powerful, active, and quick motioned horse I ever saw, and I am familiar with the western turf and stallions, for the last twenty years,—the Eclipse, Archy, Henry, and Timoleon stock, as well as the Leviathan, Luzborough and Margrave; but in saying thus much, I wish to detract from none. nor speak in terms of more than deserved commendation. I have bought, sold, trained, and run horses of all sizes, shapes, colors, and dimensions, and been a regular attendant at the course whenever in my power, but never bred them. Yet I consider this horse unique, and as is well observed by his owner, unable to be matched, until he shall produce his own likeness. I have measured him carefully, and find him so different, that I send you a part of the results as a curiosity, and intend to preserve a copy for future observations and comparisons. His head is up like that of a giraffe, and he looks about on all below him with a dignified fierceness no other eye can express. He stands full sixteen hands and an inch, measured back of the fore leg; yet, two feet nine inches fills the space from his chest to the ground; girth six feet two inches; from the point on the withers where the mane starts, to coupling, including back and loin, twenty inches; from same point round the brisket, six feet eight inches; from the point of hip to quarter, twenty-six inches; from point of the hip over the other round the lower extremity of the quarters, seven feet seven inches; arm, twenty inches; knee, thirteen and a half; cannor, eight and a half; pastern, eleven; small do., seven and a half; with a foot like a mule's, deep, hard, and firm: he is an iron-grey, most black, with heavy mane and tail; is a trotter, and in exercise springs with prodigious strides.—*Ombark* is like Gano's *Wyandott*, or somewhat like *Tranby*; he is a jet black, and almost faultless; stands fifteen and one-quarter hands high, and shews capacity for strength, speed, and game, so much, with the most approved race horse form, I can hardly decide which is in my own opinion best. The books of the first shew 101 mares in his harem, at $16 and $25, and of the last 30, at $10 and $15; both limited for the past season, this being the first season of Ombark, and second in this state of Mazyoube.

I have drawn out to a most unconscionable length, but felt that I could not say less, and if my notice shall afford you or your readers, in case you see proper to publish it, one-half the satisfaction I had this day in viewing these horses and young things, (which latter, I believe, will prove hard to beat) I shall consider myself amply paid. In hopes that we may meet either in Cincinnati, or Louisville, (for you must, if possible, meet with us to report in propria persona, the result of our grand affair on the 30th) and find a few bottles of champaign, unadulterated with *Ohio drift wood*, or Mississippi *sediment*, to crack with Major OLIVER, and our mutual friends, and also a goodly number of new subscribers to the "Spirit," I subscribe myself your constant reader, whenever at home, or in reach of your productions, and for the time being,

SCRIBBLER.

DAWSON, who formerly trained for Col PITTMAN, of Florida, desires to obtain a situation as trainer. By referring to the Calendar, gent'emen will perceive with what success the Colonel's horses ran when under his charge. See advertisement on 10th page.

THE ALABAMA AND TRIAL STAKES.

August 26, 1839.

Mr. Editor,—It is the principle and spirit of all wagering or racing, as well as other sports, that the uncertainty should appertain only to the event, and not to the Stakes. Accordingly, the only recognised manner of closing a bet is by actually staking the money; and it is not a bet until that is done, or the doing of it distinctly waived. When bets are on a future contingency, as it would be a loss to all parties to do without this money during the interval, it is usual to postpone posting it. But it would be absurd to infer therefrom, that, in addition to other chances, there should be any uncertainty as to the money being forthcoming when won. We find this common sense view of the matter govern racing men in their customs and decisions. Banters are frequently made, (many such are recorded in your paper,) in which the party not knowing by whom it may be accepted, protects himself against an irresponsible acceptor, that the forfeit is to be deposited on closing the race, or notes, with satisfactory security, shall be executed for it, and, moreover, such banters have been accepted, and such terms complied with by gentlemen of as high honor and as superfine feelings as "D." himself.

As regards the precedent of English betting, it is there confined to clubs, in which the member's responsibility for his engagements has been previously investigated and punctually enforced by other regulations, and even in them, composed as they are of men of great hereditary or known wealth, a bet may be proposed, and one of the company may reply "done," yet the proposer has the right to decide whether he is satisfied with the acceptor or not, and until he says "done" again it is no bet.

There is no particular virtue in a sweepstake, rendering subscribers more responsible, or more punctual, or the Stakes more secure, than in a match. You can be satisfied with the names that precede you, but cannot know who may follow, so that none but the last subscriber ever gives his assent as to whom he will bet on credit with. Owing to the inconsiderable amount of the entrance, generally, it has become the custom to be unscrupulous as to the solvency and ability of subscribers to Sweepstakes. But it is "novel" indeed that the indulgence extended to irresponsible persons for small stakes, should be argued as giving them a right to claim admittance to Stakes (where the money is an object) without being questioned. If the doctrine should prevail that insolvent persons must not be called on for security, many will, no doubt, ere long, avail themselves of it, unless the apprehension of the abuse frightens all paying men off, in which case it would not be worth the trouble. It should be borne in mind that the amount of stakes has lately been increased immensely. A single subscription being now equal to the largest matches in the days when D. obtained his notions.

I fear, Mr. Editor, that I may become tedious, arguing so self-evident a question as that people should race on equal terms. The age of Humbug is, I hope, past, and such chaff as that of A.'s, who is *alter et idem*, I believe is far behind the times. He supposes that "*all members of the Jockey Club* (and subscribers to stakes, as he applies it, he is always confounding them,) *are gentlemen, and the Stakes should be drawn up in the same spirit.*" "*Ours should be a cash and honor system, and the last should never be questioned until the first fails.*" (This is locking the stable after the horse is stolen). "*All matters of the Turf to be conducted by gentlemen, or men constrained by circumstances to act as such.*" They would institute a still more delicate investigation than is proposed in the Alabama and Trial Stakes, as to decide on a man's solvency is a simple matter of fact, but to question a man's character, I say, in A.'s words, "*I ask once more what man of feeling or proper pride, will agree to subject himself to an insult he cannot resent?*" The only remark I think necessary to make on all this kind of argument is, that in the course of my experience I have observed that the *real* men never take offence at precautions adopted to prevent imposition, but the honor of the scaly ones is very thin-skinned, and they are sure to *cut up*.

I indulge a hope that this controversy may direct the attention of racing men to securing of forfeits in stakes to the winner, (I presume they all have suffered some in this way,) and I hope this subject may engage the consideration of every Jockey Club. The stipulations in the Alabama and Trial Stakes are not as satisfactory to me as I could wish, and no doubt some better remedy for the evil may be suggested. I anticipated there would be objections to the details, but was greatly surprised that there should be any to the principle.

I will here introduce an anecdote which is not entirely irrelevant, and so creditable to the party that it should be preserved. Col. Newton Cannon, the present Governor of Tennessee, made a race many years ago with General Jackson on a young horse called Expectation, against Doublehead, for $4,000. The Colonel was a moderate better, and had but a small interest in the race; before the day there was on his side but little expectation of winning, and his friends, at whose instance he had engaged in the race, like A.'s "cash and honor system," failed. And though A. suggests a second trial, in that event the Colonel could avail himself of no such expedient. In those days $4000 was a large sum, and there were no banks to send a note to for grist. The Colonel came forward, however, in the most honorable manner, and apologized for not being prepared with his Stake, but proposed that as negro property was the nearest to cash, at its value they might chose of his slaves to the amount of the Stake. The race only proved how vain are expectations.

One of A.'s supposed cases is clearly a misunderstanding or misrepresentation of the true merits of the question. He supposes that under the rule a nomination was scratched, and on the day of the Race the subscriber appears with a fine horse, able to win, and his Stake in his hand. Now this case illustrates the necessity of the rule as forcibly as any I could imagine. The opinion that his horse is able to win, will induce any person to furnish the Stake for an interest in the race, but had his horse fallen lame, or proved worthless, the winner might whistle for his forfeit. A.'s equity would give him a chance for other people's money, without risking any thing unless he thought he could win.

I must advert to another error of D.'s, "he hopes the time will not come when a stake proposed by him (anonymously) will require either 4 or 13 subscribers to endorse its respectability." Now this is not even real good nonsense. He opposes all restrictions to prevent irresponsible entries, and denies to the public the only chance of forming an opinion that his system admits of, (the names of the subscribers already down,) whether his Stakes are better secured, or the parties more responsible, than the Alabama and Trial Stakes, that he undertakes to supplant. And under his system it is all important to know what subscribers are to a Stake. For I will guarantee that if he will have a paper headed by or 13 nonpaying gents., the class I contend against, and whose volunteer champion he has become, he may travel to Carolina and back without any person, acquainted with the circumstances, swelling his list.

D., in reply to me, takes occasion "to explain his connection with those luckless stakes," and very logically arrives at the very Irish conclusion that he had *no connection at all* with them. It was a Stake entered into by some gentlemen in Alabama, entirely unconscious of his authority to veto it. He further declares his object was "to bring about a compromise" by the singular method of putting the Stakes down, and with equal complacency he reforms the secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club out of office, and supercedes him and the stakes. D. is cruel, smart, and sarcastic on me, and that I do not retaliate on him, he may attribute to his declared friendship for the Turf.

D. declines entering for Stakes, either of "honor" or "cash." Now, much as I regard this, I can only repeat my former very liberal declaration; "I object to no man's classifying himself," leaving him to be the judge of his own qualifications.

In one respect your correspondent has decidedly the advantage of me, he "is happy my surprise has elicited a letter." On the contrary, his letters have excited in me nothing but regret that a writer, who acquits himself so well on racing topics, should have taken so preposterous a course in a matter so vitally affecting the prosperity of the Turf.

SNAFFLE.

English Sporting Intelligence.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.

W. T. Copeland, Esq., M.P., and George Holyoake, Esq., Stewards.

The many improvements which have taken place in each succeeding year, since these races first commenced, afford evidence of the judicious arrangements of the Committee and their coadjutors, the Secretary and Clerk of the Course. Without endeavoring, in the first instance, to grasp at shadows, or attempt any thing beyond what there appeared a certainty of accomplishing, a steady systematic plan has been pursued, the principal object of which has been to provide ample funds for the twofold purpose of making liberal additions to the stakes, and of carrying into effect such alterations as were found necessary to the perfection of the course, the accommodation of owners of horses, trainers, jockies, and, though last not least, the public.

A short description of the course may not be unacceptable to some of our readers. It is situated in the immediate neighborhood of the town, on the right of the great Holyhead road, and is approached by a carriage drive from the latter, whilst a footpath communicates with the town by a nearer route. Although in the immediate vicinity of the most extensive coal and iron works in the kingdom, it is so located that not the slightest inconvenience is experienced from the smoke and dust usual in such situations, and the eye is agreeably occupied by the contemplation of scenery, if not extensive, at least luxurious and interesting. The precaution of under-draining has made the course at all times sound, and being clothed with grass kept short by cattle and sheep, it is well adapted for the purpose for which it is required. Its form is nearly oval, and it is one mile and a quarter round it. Unprovided with the usual accommodations of grand stand, booths, &c., the comforts of this vastly populous neighbourhood would be sadly neglected; in this respect, however, nothing has been forgotten. The Grand Stand is decidedly one of the most complete structures of the kind, as regards external appearance, that we have seen. Although inferior, in point of magnitude, to similar buildings at Doncaster, Epsom, &c., it certainly exceeds them in neatness of design and beauty of proportion. The internal accommodations are excellent, and an awning has this year been completed over the principal balcony, to preserve the delicate complexions of the fair visitants who grace this gay assemblage with their presence. The whole of the course is visible from the stand, and as the erection of marquees is strictly forbidden in such situations as might obstruct the view, the horses are never lost sight of during the running. Refreshment rooms, as a matter of course, have not been forgotten. On the right of the stand is a range of eight, and on the left of four booths, for the accommodation of the less aristocratic visitors; they are neatly built with brick, and constructed so substantially that no danger can be experienced by their being filled to an overflow, which is invariably the case. A convenient weighing-house, with a stand above it for the accommodation of the Race Committee, is situated opposite the judge's chair; and a space is railed out for the protection of the horses during the time the jockeys are being weighed. Some saddling stables are said to be in contemplation.

One good effect of this popular meeting ought not to be over-looked—it was formerly the custom of the lower orders to amuse themselves with the barbarous pastime of bull-baiting; this they have been prevailed upon to abandon for the more rational sports of the turf, which they follow with a zest not surpassed even at Manchester.

The Meeting which we have thus introduced commenced on Monday last and finished on Wednesday; it is allowed to have been the best attended and most successful ever known—the Grand Stand having been crowded to suffocation each day, and the receipts exceeding all former precedent. So great was the rush on the second day that hundreds were unable to obtain admissions, while every one of the minor buildings was patronized to an extent that the architect never could have contemplated. The fashionable portion of the throng each day included Lords Ingestrie, G. Bentinck, Miltown, and Wrothesley, Sir James Boswell, Sir F. Goodricke, Sir G. Pigot, Lady Wrothesley, Lady Sarah Ingestrie, Lady Susan Vaughan, Hon. Col. and Mrs. Anson, Hon. J. Wrothesley, Hon. — Villiers, General Monkton, Messrs. R. Peel, Gardnor, Pigot, Whitmore, Holyoake, E. Peel, Mott, Walpole, Manson, J. Hunter, Macquarrie, Corbet, Gifford, &c. &c.

The Earl of Uxbridge and Lord G. Bentinck have accepted the Stewardship for next years' Meeting, to which the subscriptions are already very numerous; some alterations in the Stakes have been suggested by Lord George Bentinck, which will, no doubt, make them more acceptable to racing people.

The following is a return of the sport:—

MONDAY, Aug. 12.

The *Trial Stakes* of 10 sovs each, with 20 sovs added; once round and a distance, mile and a quarter; 3 subs.

Col. Anson's br. f. *Industry*, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	Birbeck	1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	Whitehouse	2
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, 3 yrs, 7st	Lye	3

Betting: 5 to 2 on Industry, and 4 to 1 agst Saul, who cut out the work to the distance, where the mare ran by him and won in a canter.

A *Produce Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for foals of 1836; once round; 3 subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia, 8st	Lear	walked over

The *Wolverhampton* (Handicap) *Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 only, &c., with 100 added by the Town; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to pay £20 towarks the expenses of the Course; twice round and a distance.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusionee*, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb	Howlett	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. h. Ratsbane, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	W. Day	2
Lord Eglinton's b. g. Potentate, aged, 9st	Lye	0
Mr. Griffith's ch. h. Lugwardine, 5 yrs, 8st	Chapple	0
Lord Milltown's ch. m. Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules, 5 yrs, 6st 3lb	Dunn	0
Capt. Macquarrie's b. h. Magpie, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb	Whitehouse	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	Jones	0
Lord Warwick's b. c. Melodrame, by Brutandorf, out of Melody, 4 yrs, 7st	Dodgson	0
Capt. Taylor's b. c. Chatterer, 3 yrs, 6st	Edwards	0

The betting in the town was brisk at 5 to 2 agst Magpie (taken freely); 3 to 1 agst Confusionee (taken); 3 to 1 agst The Potentate; 6 to 1 agst Lugwardine; 8 to 1 agst Ratsbane (taken); 6 to 1 agst Chatterer (taken freely); and 8 to 1 agst Cruiskeen. 5 to 3 agst Confusionee and Ratsbane (taken); and 6 to 5 on the field agst Confusionee and Magpie (taken). Before starting, Confusionee advanced to 5 to 2, and had the call of Magpie; Lugwardine rose to 5 to 1; and Ratsbane to 6 to 1; Chatterer declined a couple of points. The running was made by Lugwardine at a strong pace for about two miles, when Ratsbane took it up, followed by Confusionee and The Potentate; at the distance Confusionee went to the front, kept there to the end, and won by two lengths, Ratsbane second, The Potentate third, Lugwardine fourth, and Cruiskeen fifth. There was a false start, in which Magpie, Melody, and Cruiskeen ran a considerable distance before their jockies understood that it was "no go."

The *Ladies' Purse* of 50 sovs, free for any horse never having won or received forfeit before the day of entering; heats, once round and a distance.

Capt. Lamb's b. c. *Speed*, by Physician, 3 yrs, 7st	Whitehouse	1	1
Mr. Painter's ch. f by Emancipation—Tintoretta, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	Lye	0	2
Mr. Skerrat's b. m. by Zinganee—Effie, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	Wadlow	0	3
Mr. Roberts' ch. f. by Irish Blacklock—Annie, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	Jones	0	4
Mr. Handley's ch. f. Taglioni, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	Bemetzrieder	2	0
Mr. Moss' br. f. Miss Foote, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	C. Edwards, jr.	0	0
Mr. Tempest's br c John Doe, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Lear	0	0
Mr. Taylor's br. f. Rosetta, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	Clark	0	0
Mr. Sanders' ch. c. Sir John Cockle, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Nield	0	0

The field against three. Won easy.

TUESDAY, Aug. 13.

The *Wolverhampton St. Leger* of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Fund; for 3 year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; mile and three quarters; 8 subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Kremlin*, by Sultan, 8st 7lb	Lye	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Profligate, 8st 7lb	Templeman	2
Mr. E. Peel's br. c. The Dean, 8st 7lb	Whitehouse	3

3 to 1 on Kremlin, who made play for three quarters of a mile, when the others joined him, and the pace became severe; the race was tolerably well contested to the stand, where Kremlin parted company, and won easy.

The *Chillington Stakes* of 25 sovs each; for 2 year old colts 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; three-quarters of a mile; seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c by Emilius, out of Maria, 8st 5lb	Lye	1
Mr. Fowler's br. c. Mogul, by Saracen, 8st 5lb	Templeman	2
Col. Anson's c. Nicholas, 8st 5lb	H. Edwards	3
Mr. Billington's b. c. Snoozer, 8st 5lb		0
Mr. Walters' b. f. by Olympus, out of Miniature, 8st 3lb		0
Mr. R. I. Mostyn's ch. c. Honor Bright, out of Sprig, 8st 5lb		0

2 to 1 agst Snoozer, 7 to 2 agst Mogul, 4 to 1 agst Nicholas, and 9 to 2 agst Maria. Mogul made play to the stand, where the Maria colt passed him and won cleverly. The start was bad, Mogul, Nicholas, and the Maria colt having much the best of it. Snoozer, who was backed for a good stake to win this and the Derby, was beaten early in the race.

The *Cleveland Cup* of 100 sovs, by subscription of 10 each (the surplus in specie), with £50 added by the Fund; the second horse to save his stake; three miles; 13 subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Kremlin*, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	Lye	1
Mr. Ferguson's ch. h. Harkaway, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb	Calloway	2

This was another of those "glorious uncertainties" which every now and then occur in racing as well as in the law, and what makes it the more noticeable is the fact that poor Harkaway, so often the subject of something extraordinary, was the cause. It appears that after his brilliant success at Goodwood he was "laid up in lavender," or rather, under an impression that he would have no competitor for this race, was not in any way prepared for it, but arrived on the ground to canter over, accompanied by Gilbert Gurney, who was to have followed him to save his stake. But it so happened that Kremlin had won the St. Leger cleverly, was on the ground, and was actually brought to the post for the "off-chance," Lye no doubt having speculated on the possibility of a want of preparation. Determined to find this out, he went away at a terrific pace, which he sustained to the end, Harkaway following about two or three lengths behind till near the distance, when he challenged, and a struggle ensued, which ended in his being defeated by a neck; it was evident, however, even in the first round, that he was not the Harkaway we saw at Goodwood. It is fortunate for the friends of the horse that there was little betting, the price being 10 to 1, with few takers. We should add, that Mr. Ferguson was not at Wolverhampton, and that Flintoff had no alternative but to run; had Mr. F. been present he would probably have drawn his horse on finding so unexpected a competitor, but if he had, "what would Mrs. Grundy say?"

The *Borough Members' Plate* of 60 sovs, for all ages; the winner to be sold for £250, if demanded, &c; heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. G. Dawson's ch. f *Primefit*, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	Lye	0	1	1
Mr. Copeland's b. c. Chantilly, by Langar, 3 yrs, 7st	W. Day	1	3	0
Mr. Critchley's b. h. His Grace, 5 yrs, 8st 11 lb	Darling	0	0	2
Mr. C. Buckley's ch. f. Lillie, 3 yrs, 6st 11 lb		2	dr	
Col. Anson's b. c. Boz, 3 yrs, 7st		0	0	0
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. Catamaran, aged, 8st 13lb		0	2	0

The first heat won by about half a head, the second by little more than a length, and the third by half a length.

The winner was claimed for Lord G. Bentinck.

A *Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred; heats, once round; 6 subs.

Mr. Whieldon's b. c. *Cracksman*, by Pickpocket, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	Whitehouse	0	1	1
Mr. Colett's dun m. Duenna, aged, 10st 3lb	Williams	1	0	2
Sir J. Boswell's br. f. by Physician—Meretrix, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb	Lye	0	0	3
Mr Lagar's br. m. by Silkworm, dam by Paulowitz	Calloway	0	2	dr
Col. Anson's b c. by Advance, dam by President, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	Taylor	2	dr	
Mr. Mence's b. f. Isabella, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb	Grimley	0	dr	

Three very good heats.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14.

The *Wrottesley Stakes* of 10 sovs each, with 20 sovs added from the Fund, for 3 and 4 year olds; once round; 4 subs.

Mr. Fowler's br. c. *Profligate*, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Dodgson	1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Charlatan, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Lye	2
Mr. Copeland's gr. c. Vertumnus, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	Marlow	3

2 to 1 on Profligate, who took the lead, was never caught, and won by ten lengths.

A *Stakes* of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for foals of 1836; colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb; once round; six subs.

Mr. Thomas Walters' ch. c. *Sir Mark*, bro. to Rococo	Marlow	1
Capt. Lamb's br c. Speed, by Physician	Whitehouse	2
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Langar, out of Kalmia	Lear	3
Mr. Fowler's b. c. Lepidus	Templeman	4

7 to 4 agst Sir Mark; 2 to 1 agst Speed; and 3 to 1 agst any other. The favorite made the running, and won easy by two lengths.

The *Holyoake* (Handicap) *Stakes* of 20 sovs each, h. ft, added to the Stand Purse of 50 sovs; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to pay £10 towards the expenses of the Course; twice round and a distance; 37 subs, 2 2 of whom declared.

Duke of Richmond's ch. f. *Confusionee*, 3 yrs, 6st	Howlett	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	W. Day	2
Lord Eglinton's br. h. St. Bennett, 5 yrs, 9st	Lye	3
Mr. T. W. Giffard's ch g. Traveller, aged, 7st 12lb	Lear	0
Mr. Bowes' ch. h. Epirus, 5 yrs, 8st 11 lb	H. Edwards	0
Lord Milltown's ch c. Lepruchaun, 3 yrs, 5st 4lb		0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. Primefit, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb		0
Captain Lamb's b. m. Kitty Cockle, 5 yrs, 7st		0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Confusionee, 4 to 1 agst St. Bennett, 6 to 1 agst Ratsbane, 6 to 1 agst Primefit, 6 to 1 agst Epirus, 10 to 1 agst Traveller, and 15 to 1 agst Lepruchaun. 5 to 4 laid freely on Confusionee agst the field. After the Members' Plate was won by Primefit, she was claimed for Lord George Bentinck, who, on the following morning, expressed his determination to run her for the Holyoake Stakes. On hearing this, Mr. Dawson, her late owner, having another horse in the race, determined on scratching her; the power of doing which was denied by Lord George Bentinck, on the score that she was not named by him, but by Mr. Grasebrook, and whose sanction must be obtained before she could be erased from the list. This objection was by the stewards held valid, and the mare allowed to start; although, we believe, under a protest from Mr. Dawson that if she won, and he was second he would claim the stakes. In consequence of the protest, it was arranged that all bets should be decided as the horses came in. Primefit made play the first round, followed by Ratsbane, St. Bennett and Confusionee lying well up with them; after rounding the turn by the winning post, Ratsbane took up the running, followed by Confusionee, and these two may be said to have had the rest of the race to themselves. Confusionee, admirably ridden by that Prince of feather-weights, little Howlett, challenged the horse at the distance, and defeated him cleverly by a length; St. Bennett was beaten four or five lengths from Ratsbane, and the others, cut down by the pace, made a still more wretched finish. Traveller broke down, after going once round.

The *Himley Park Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 25 added, for the beaten horses of the present meeting; heats, once round; 5 subs.

Captain Taylor's b. c. *Chatterer*, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb	Birbeck	3	1	1
Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. Saul, 4 yrs, 8st	Whitehouse	1	2	2
Lord G. Bentinck's b. h. Ratsbane	W. Day	2	3	dr

First heat: 5 to 2 on Ratsbane; won by three parts of a length.—Second heat: 6 to 4 agst Saul; 2 to 1 agst Ratsbane; and 3 to 1 agst Chatterer; won by a length, after a splendid race with all three, Saul beating Ratsbane by half a length.—Third heat:—6 and 7 to 4 on Chatterer, who won by half a length, after a fine race.

In the course of last night and this morning, Harkaway was backed for the Doncaster Cup at 4 to 1, to a large amount.

SALISBURY RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 14.

A *Sweepstakes* of 50 sovs each, h. ft, for the produce of mares covered in 1835; colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; one mile and a half; 11 subs.

Hon. S. Herbert's b. c. *Clarion*, by Sultan—Clara (3lb)	Conelly	1
Mr. S. Wreford's b. c. Westonian, by Camel, out of Margellina		2

Won easily.

The *Wiltshire Stakes* of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5 if declared, &c; two miles; 20 subs, 14 of whom declared.

Fulwar Craven's *Deception*, 3 yrs, 8st	Trenn	1
Mr. Sadler's Dart, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb		2

Won cleverly

A *Handicap Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, 3 ft, with the City Bowl and 20 sovs added, for all ages; one mile; 6 subs.

Mr. Oliver's *Bodice*, aged, 9st 5lb	Conelly	1	1
Mr. Wreford's Wasp, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb		2	2
Mr. Legg's Stickler, aged, 8st 9lb		4	3
Mr. W. Sadler's Specimen 3 yrs, 7st 11 lb		5	4
Mr Lane's Squire Western, 4 yrs, 8st		3	dr

Won cleverly.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs, free for any horse, mare, and gelding; 3 miles.

Mr. Isaac Day's *Caravan*, 5 yrs, 10st	Pavis	1
Fulwar Craven's Deception, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb		2
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Deceit, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb		3

Won easy. Deception and Deceit went out of the course and turned back; Pavis avoided the blunder, and was thereby enabled to win the race.

A *Cup*, given by Earl Bruce, Colonel of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry, for horses belonging to the non-commissioned officers and privates; 3 year olds 10st, four 10st 10lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st; heats, 1¼ mile.

Mr. Potto's *Paddy Carey*, aged	H. P. Ewer	1	1
Mr. Bevan's Lass of the Grove, 6 yrs		3	2
Mr. Clapperton's Merriman, aged		2	3
Mr. Sheppard's Matilda, 5 yrs		0	0
Mr. Gray's Go Long, aged		0	0

THURSDAY, Aug 15.

The *Stand Plate*, value 100 sovs, given by subscription, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, and only 5, &c.; 10 subs, six of whom declared; two miles.

Hon. S. Herbert's *Arctic*, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb	Conelly	1
Sir E. Baker's Montezuma, 3 yrs, 7st		2
Mr. Sadler's Dart, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb		3

The *City Members' Plate* of 50 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h. ft, for all ages; 3 yr olds 6st 12lb, four 8st 6lb, five 9st 1lb, six and aged 9st 7lb; three horses to start, or the 50 sovs will not be given; the Stand Course, a mile and three quarters; six subs.

Mr W. Sadler's *Specimen*, 3 yrs	walked over	

The *Gold Cup Stakes* of 10 sovs each, three year olds 6st 9lb, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 12lb, six 9st, and aged 9st 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; Cup Course, about two miles; six subs.

Fulwar Craven's *Deception*, 3 yrs	W. Day	1
Hon. S. Herbert's Clarion, 3 yrs		2

Won easy.

A *Sweepstakes* of 30 sovs each, h. ft, for two year old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; T.Y.C. straight in; three subs.

Capt. Williamson's ch. f. *Darkness*, by Glencoe	walked over	

The *Scurry Handicap* of 5 sovs each, with 50 added by subscription, for all ages; T.Y.C. straight in; 8 subs.

Hon. S. Herbert's *Caracole*, 7st 8lb	S. Mann	1
Sir E. Baker's Montezuma, 8st 6lb		2
Mr. Etwall's Hill Coolie, 6st 6lb		3
Mr. Percival's Orchiltree, 7st 13lb		4
Mr. Wyndham's Camarilla, 8st 9lb		5
Mr. Fox's Tabitha, 6st 6lb		bolt

A *Hurdle Race Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs each, 3 ft, with 25 sovs given by ladies, and 5 sovs to the second horse, also to save his stake; four year olds to carry 10st 7lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 11st 10lb, thorough-bred horses to carry 14lb extra; a winner in the present year to carry 3lb, twice 5lb extra; gentlemen riders; two mile heats, three leaps to be taken in each heat; 3 subs.

Mr. Legg's *Stickler*, aged	Mr. Mason	1	1
Mr. Oliver's Grayling, aged		2	2
Mr. Potto's Paddy Carey, aged		3	3

Bell's Life in London.

Agricultural.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION STOCK FAIR.

From the "Lexington Intelligencer" we copy the following proceedings of this great Stock Fair. We have room only for that portion relating to horses.

The following entries were made for the Premiums offered by the Association, and the distribution of the prizes may be found below:—

HORSES.

E. Warfield's Gazan, 3 yr. old colt, by Leslie, out of Directress.
J. Shy's Ashland, 3 yr. old colt, by Medoc, out of Lady Jackson.
James Erwin's 3 yr. old colt by Sarpedon, out of the dam of Multiflora.
James Erwin's 3 yr. old colt by Medoc, out of Diomede.

TWO YEAR OLD STALLIONS.

George C. Dunlap's Thos. Marshall, by Neal's Hephestion, dam by Blackburn's Whip.
R. B. Bohanon's —— by Medoc, dam by Whip Tiger.
James Erwin's —— by Bertrand, out of dam of Multiflora.
R. Downing's Black Prince, by Col. Steel's Crusader, dam by Brown Highlander.
E. Warfield's Berthune, by Sidi Hamet, out of Lusette.
P. H. Thompson's Berkeley, by Laura, dam by Diomede.

ONE YEAR OLD COLTS.

Geo. F. Keene's Amboy, by John Richards, out of Cherocas, by Cherokee.
Geo. W. Brand's —— by Bertrand, out of Lady Adams.
E. Warfield's Sam Chase, by American Eclipse, out of Lora, by Snow Storm.
E. Warfield's Bertro, by Bertrand, out of Rowena.
Bernard Giltner's Emmet, by Medoc, dam by Thornton's Rattler.
Chas. Buford's Ecliptic, by American Eclipse, dam by Haxal's Moses.
James Price's Buzzard, by Medoc, dam by Big Archie.
Geo. C. Dunlap's R. Menefee, by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Whip.
H. C. Stevenson's Tranmer, by Tranby, dam by Hephestion.
M. Stevenson's Fitz James, by Mazoube, out of ——.
Ed. M. Blackburn's Red Eagle, by American Eclipse, dam by Blackburn's Whip.
J. S. Berryman's John Horace, by Medoc, out of Mary Shertley.
J. S. Berryman's Ab'm. Hunter, by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Whip.
A. L. Shotwell's Purdy, by Aemrican Eclipse, dam by Whipster.

SUCKING COLTS.

Richard Chiles' Woodcock, by Woodpecker, dam by Doublehead.
James Price's Champion, by Medoc, dam by Archy of Transport.
James Berry's Billy M'Args, by Medoc, dam by Childers.

MARES.

Clay & Bryant's Catharine Schuyler, by Georgian, dam by Pacolet.
H. & T. H. Clay's Allegrante, by Young Ruffle, out of Phantasmia.
R. Chiles' Elijah Jenkins, by William of Transport, dam by Orphan.
R. Chiles' Kitty Muse, by Shakspeare, out of Elijah Jenkins.
J. A. Tomlinson's Pondietta, by Kosciusko, dam by Atlas.
Bernard Giltrue's Lucy Alexander, by Alexander, dam by Moses.
Bernard Giltrue's Mary Rattler, by Rattler, dam by Alexander.
Chas. Buford's Butterfly, by Sumpter, dam by Buzzard.
James Price's Miss Archy, by Archy of Transport, dam by Tiger.
Geo. C. Dunlap's Grecian Princess, by Hancock's Hamiltonian, dam by the old blind Hamiltonian.
James Berry's Morilla, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian.
James Berry's Lady Childers, by Childers, dam by Hamiltonian.
H. C. Stevenson & Co.'s Delilah, by Kosciusko, out of Cleopatra, by old Whip.
A. L. Shotwell's Mary How, by Tiger, dam by Robin Grey.

THREE YEAR OLD FILLY.

James Erwin's ——, by Lance, out of ——.

TWO YEAR OLD FILLIES.

H. & T. H. Clay's —— by Sarpedon, out of Allegrante.
E. Warfield's Whiteface, by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena, by Sumpter.
Wm. N. Fishback's Medoca 2d, by Medoc, out of Nancy Whip.
Geo. C. Dunlap's Ann Shelby, by Lance, out of Grecian Princess, by Hamiltonian.
James Berry's Arabella, by Bertrand, out of the dam of President.
Reuben Young's Maria, by Medoc, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian.
Ed. M. Blackburn's Express, by Lance, out of Letitia.
J. S. Berryman's Lady Lovel, by Sir Lovel, dam by Paragon.
A. L. Shotwell's Richard Ann, by Singleton, dam by Virginia Whip.

YEARLING FILLIES.

R. Downing's Laura, by Derby, dam by Dungannon.
H. & T. H. Clay's —— by Bertrand, out of Allegrante.
J. A. Tomlinson's Zeppa, by American Eclipse, out of Pondietta.
E. Blackburn's Hinda, by American Eclipse, dam by Blackburn's Buzzard.
James Erwin's ——, by ——, out of a Buzzard mare.

MARE COLTS.

Bryant & T. H. Clay's Rodolpha, by Rodolph, out of Catharine Schuyler.
Geo. W. Brand's —— by Eclipse, out of Lady Adams.
J. A. Tomlinson's Lady Flora, by Frank, out of Pondietta.
B. Giltner's Ailinissa, by Medoc, dam by Alexander.
B. Giltner's Caltriana, by Eclipse, dam by Rattler.
Geo. C. Dunlap's Flora Hastings, by Hedgeford, out of Grecian Princess.
A. L. Shotwell's Eaglet, by Grey Eagle, out of Mary Howe, by Tiger.

CARRIAGE HORSES.

E. Warfield's one pair of greys.
Ben. Robinson's two pair of bays.

GELDINGS.

Ben. Robinson's three geldings.
Richard Allen's one do.

We, the Judges appointed to decide upon and award the premiums to the best of each description of Horses, exhibited to us at the Association Fair on the 5th of Sept., 1839, do decide and award as follows:—

For the best 3 yr. old Stallion, we award the premium to E. Warfield, for his colt Gazan.

For the best 2 yr. old, we award the premium to Richard Downing, for his colt Black Prince.

For the best 1 yr. old, to B. Giltrue, for his colt Emmet.
For the best sucking colt, to R. Chiles, for his colt Woodcock.
For the best Mare, to D. Tomlinson, for Pondietta.
For the best 3 yr. old Filly, to James Erwin (no competition).
For the best 2 yr. old Filly, to James Berry, for Arabella.
For the best 1 yr. old Filly, to E. M. Blackburn, for Hinda.
For the best sucking mare Colt, to A. L. Shotwell, for his colt Eaglet.
For the best Harness Horses, to B. Robinson, for his bays with white feet.
For the best Gelding, to B. Robinson, for his bay gelding.

JAS. QUARLES, A. G. PETERS, PRES. WEST. } Judges.

Attest. BEN. WARFIELD. G. W. V. M'CONNELL, Sec'y of Fair.

A ROADSTER STALLION,

OR STALLION TO GET ROADSTERS.

The following description recommendatory of a horse is by one of the best judges of a horse, and one of the best horsemen in this or any other country.

Maryland is one of the last places in creation where such a horse should be sold, or would meet with adequate encouragement as a Stallion. Our citizens are taxed annually for horses sent in from other states an amount that would exceed all belief, but if you offer them the use of a stallion, calculated to get superb harness horses, even at $20 a mare, forty-nine out of fifty would send their mares to a "barrel of corn" scrub in preference. So if you take into any of the counties a bull that shall cost $500 dollars in England, and that would in any new state be encouraged at $25 a cow, here he would not get five cows at $3, and if you charged at all, you need never offer for the Legislature, especially if opposed by the keeper of a cross roads or public road store, to retail liquor "by the small," and notorious receiver of stolen goods, as some of them are. But to the horse—Bellfounder Morgan—the price of which is $2000.

I think he possesses the best properties as a roadster of any horse ever bred in New England. This, you may think, is a strong expression, considering the many fine roadsters we have bred. It is a fact of great notoriety, that New England, within the last forty years, has produced more, and better roadsters, than any other section of this, and perhaps any other country. It has been said, and I believe it cannot be contradicted with propriety, that there has never been a breed of horses in New England, which have proved so eminently useful as the Morgan breed. They have often excited the admiration of strangers, foreigners, &c. They combine in a great degree the properties so desirable to New England Yankee notions, viz: go to church, go to mill, under the saddle, before the gig, to the coach, and before the plough. They excel in great endurance, carrying weight a long distance, noble and generous spirited, with a docility of temper, that the most timid can drive them, but if put to their mettle, they are a full hand for the best whip.

The origin of this breed of horses is as follows:—Some time about 1796 to 1800, a French Canadian horse accidentally covered a full blood thorough-bred

racing mare, and when she dropped her colt, the owner gave it to a man in Vermont, by the name of Gass Morgan At 3 years old this colt showed uncommon powers, and *Mr. Shovey*, the man who broke and trained him, informed me, that he had frequently seen him run one-quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds. This colt was called the *Gass Morgan*—hence the Morgan breed of horses. The *Gass Morgan* lived over 30 years; he was of great vigor. Mr. Shovey showed me a superior horse of his get, which he assured me was the 13th foal of the same day's get, by this horse. The Gass Morgan horse was the crack stallion in Vermont, and that vicinity, for more than twenty-five years, and he probably produced more foals than any other horse on record: he was the sire of the famous *Sherman Morgan* horse, a stallion of merit, extraordinary powers, and fine properties.

I obtained some years since a remarkable fine mare which was got by the Gass Morgan horse. She had been owned in my neighborhood several years by a baker, who resided sixteen miles from Boston. She had been driven in his bread cart with a load of bread into Boston and back again, six days in the week, for several years, hardly missing a day. Her style and fleetness excited much attention. After obtaining this mare, I put the imported horse *Bellfounder* to her, and she dropped me a filly; and when this filly was four years old, I put the Sherman Morgan horse to her, and she dropped me the colt which I call the *Bellfounder Morgan*.

Bellfounder was imported from England in 1822, by James Bratt, Esq., of Boston. Bellfounder was sired by that well known, fast, and highbred trotter, old Bellfounder, out of Velocity by Haphazard, he by Sir Peter, out of Miss Harry by Eclipse. Velocity trotted on the Norwich road in 1806, sixteen miles in one hour; and although she broke fifteen times into a gallop, and as often turned round, won her match. In 1808 she trotted twenty-eight miles in 1 hour and 47 minutes, and has often done many other great performances against time.

Bellfounder at 5 years old, trotted two miles in less than six minutes, and the following year was matched for 200 guineas to trot nine miles in thirty minutes, which he won easily by 22 seconds. His owner shortly afterwards challenged to perform with him seventeen miles and a half in one hour, but it was not accepted.

Old Bellfounder was a true descendant from the original blood of the *Fireways*, which breed of horses stand unrivalled in England either for gig or saddle.

With these materials I have attempted to breed a horse *to order*, to combine as much as possible, bottom, speed, health, constitution, vigor, and good temper—legs showing bone and muscle of the blood horse; chest and body round, full, and compact; shoulders well laid in; back, short, with good couplings; neck rising prompt from the shoulders, and a good length, with light head, well placed; all of which are most admirably combined and well developed in my Bellfounder Morgan.

Bellfounder Morgan is fifteen hands and one inch high, well grown, a beautiful dapple chesnut color, with a coat comparing with a thorough-bred horse; his gaits are free, easy, true, and regular; he trots a mile in three minutes, varying but a few seconds, now, although he has never been trained, nor never has eaten four bushels of any kind of grain since he was foaled. I have managed him wholly myself; he is perfectly safe, and well broken, before a gig, or under the saddle: he has never shown a vicious act, and is gay and prompt. I have never seen a sounder horse, to my knowledge—I believe he is without a blemish.

I have been many years in accomplishing this object, and know not how to combine more useful properties in any one horse. As a Stallion, his value can hardly be calculated. I feel a great confidence, that on some of the fine-blooded mares in your section of the country, he might produce foals of the speed and bottom of Tom Thumb and Rattler; and as a gig and saddle horse, is not excelled: he is quiet and perfectly manageable, in the gig or saddle, on the road. In France, and many other places, the horses in common use, and their cavalry, are entire. My family chaise-horse, milk-cart horse, and team horses, are entire, and no more trouble than geldings.

Having had repeated enquiries from your section of the country for gig and saddle horses, has induced me to address you on this subject.

If any gentleman, or a number of gentlemen, of your acquaintance, should feel disposed to purchase the Bellfounder Morgan, to be used at the proper season as a stallion, they could not render a greater public good for improving the breed of horses for roadsters. Besides, I think he might earn all I ask for him in one season with you. Yours, very truly, SAMUEL JAQUES.

American Farmer.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Spring names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat
13. Hon. D. Jennifer names *Scylla*, produce of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo, and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 28

KENDALL COURSE FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 over this Course will take place, as usual, on the second Tuesday, the 8th October, and continue five days, to wit:—

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit; closed on the 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
2. R. B Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.
4. John S. Corbin & Co name Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady.

Same day—A Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Closed on the 1st Sept. with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
2. David McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam ——.
3. Wm. Gibbons names *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnet's O'Blue by Sir Charles.
4. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Francis Green's b. f. by Autocrat, out of Laura.
5. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, that never started in a public race, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; closed 1st September with the following subscribers, to wit:

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of Simmons Hardoway's Omega mare, the property of Johnson & Hardaway.
2. David McDaniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. Gen. Alex Hunter names ch. c. by The Ace of Diamonds, out of The Captain's dam.
4. Nathaniel Lufborough names ch. f. by the Ace of Diamonds, out of Diana by Ogle's Oscar.
5. Col. Francis Thompson names Col. Frs. C. Greene's b. c. by Autocrat, dam by Rattler.

Third day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $700; if but one, $500; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to second best horse, if more than two start; if but two the winner to receive $400; if but one, $300. Three mile heats.

Fifth day—A Colt's Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for colts having been beaten during the week, $25 entrance, to be added to the purse; the second best Colt, if more than two start, to receive $50 out of the Purse.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. Entrance to the above Purse, 5 per cent. The entry will be made on the day preceding each day's race, by 12 o'clock, M., in order that they may be announced from the stand after each day's race.

The Course will be put in extra good order. Stables and litter will, as usual, be furnished to race horses, free of charge. The Course has been recently measured with two Ten Foot Rods, and found to be over a mile; of which, proper notice will be given in the "Spirit of the Times."

The following Stakes are now open to be run over this Course, to wit:

The SEWELL STAKES, for 3 year olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st April next, by paying $50; to name and close 1st January next. Now three subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner.

Also, the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES, to run the day preceding the Spring Meeting, 1841, with 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 6 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips by Sussex
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Col. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

The Proprietor begs leave to call the particular attention of Racers and Breeders to the foregoing Stakes, and hopes he will not be disappointed in having them well filled. Letters addressed to the Proprietor, post marked, on or before the closing of the stake, will be in due time. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

Kendall Course, August 16, 1839.—[sept 14]

FOR SALE.

A BULL, 4 years old; he is the produce of a Durham Bull and a full bred Devonshire Cow; gentle, and of full size and excellent form. Enquire of Mr. JOHN CURR, at KING'S, Jamaica, Long Island. [Aug. 31-3ort]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE 9th No. of this work was published on the 1st Sept., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; on Steel by Dick, after A. Cooper.
PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; on Steel by Dick, after Hancock.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, August 31.—[aug31]

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, October 22d, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

1. David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
2. James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
3. Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
4. James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
5. Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
2. David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius,
4. Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats.

1. A. V. Conover names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Sister to Manalopan.
2. David Toms names b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Solomon.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Same day, a Purse of $200, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Same day, a Purse, Mile heats.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start,—if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M.—entrance 5 per cent.

A list of the entries for each purse can be seen in New York; at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, Astor House, Washington Hall, and Park Hotel, on the day previous to each race, immediately after the arrival of the morning line of Cars from Philadelphia, and in the Sun, Herald, and Enq, on the morning of each race; also at the principal Hotels of Philadelphia, on the evening previous to each race, and in the principal Philadelphia Papers on the morning of each race.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. September 6th, 1839.—[sept 7]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gohanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*

Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each. $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans. RICHARD ADAMS, JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

KINGSBURY TROTTING COURSE.

THE Sporting World is respectfully apprised that the subscribers have rented the *Kingsbury Trotting Course*, situated on the Philadelphia Road, four miles from the city of Baltimore, and will have it in first rate order. They will offer the following purses to be trotted for:—

First day, October 14—A Purse of $100, free for green horses, owned in Maryland, that never won a purse; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in Harness.

Second day, October 15—A Purse of $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, free for any horse; entrance $100 each, which will be added to the Purse. Three or more to make a race Entries for this race to close on the 8th of October.

Third day, October 16—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats under the saddle, free for any horse owned in Maryland.

The above purses will be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Course. There is first rate stabling attached to the Course, which will be furnished free, with straw for bedding.

JOHN McCLINTOCK & CO., *Proprietors.*

Baltimore, Sept. 7, 1839.—[sept 14]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 will commence on Monday, September 30th, with the great sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, half forfeit, four mile heats, ten subs. and closed the 1st January, 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver and M. W. Dickey name gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, 3 yrs., by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley
2. W. T. Ward names b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, 4 years old, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster
3. Willa Viley names ch. f. *Queen Mary*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer
4. George N. Sanders and Lewis Sanders, Jr., name b. c. *Occident*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel
5. Sidney Burbridge names b. c. *Tarleton*, 4 years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey
6. James L. Bradley & H. B. Steele name ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William
7. Arthur Cheatham names b. c. *Billy Townes*, 5 years old, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian
8. James S. Garrison names ch. c. *Wagner*, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion
9. William Wynn names b. c. *Picton*, 4 years old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy
10. William Buford, Jr., names ch. f. *Musedora*, 3 years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko

Second day—Tuesday, 1st October, the regular Jockey Club races commence, with a Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; proprietor adds a plate, value $500; the second best horse to receive back his stake; closed the 1st March, 1838, with 18 subs., viz.:

1. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
2. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
3. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
4. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Luckett
7. F. R. Robinson
8. James L. Bradley
9. M. R. Tarlton
10. Richard Pindell
11. William Buford, Jr.
12. Miles W Dickey
13. James K. Duke
14. Robert Burbridge, by Sidney Burbridge
15. James W. Fenwick
16. Lewis K. Grigsby
17. Thomas G. Moore
18. William Wynn.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50 each, h. ft.; closed the 25th December, 1838, with the following subscribers:

1. Thomas H. Philips names b. f. by Pelham, dam by Sumpter.
2. Fred. Herr names b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian
3. Sidney Burbridge names br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.
4. A. Hikes names gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Richard.

Fifth day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats, entrance depending on the number of subscribers.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Four mile heats.

There never has been a race, even the great contest between Eclipse and Henry, that has produced the same interest and excitement as the $20,000 sweepstakes, to come off over the Oakland Course the last day of September next. The same number of horses of like reputation has never been engaged together in any race in America. All have gone into it with the knowledge of the powers of their adversaries. Nine of the entries are now in training, with every prospect of starting. This stake with others are the largest purses ever offered in the state, bringing together Mr. McCargo's, Col. Wynn's, and Mr. Garrison's full stables, affording every day a foreign contest with Kentucky horses, making two great four mile races in one week.

For the better accommodation of the immense number expected at this race, the stands are now being added to so as to afford an entire view of the race to all. In consequence of the immense expense the proprietor has incurred in getting up this race, he will charge double price at the gate this day only. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 1839.—[aug 24]

NASHVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on Monday, the 30th of September, 1839, with the following Sweepstakes and Purses:—

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, P. P., Two mile heats. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Arnold Russell names b. c. *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, out of Aramanta, by Jerry
2. W. G. Harding names b. c. *Alpha*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliette, by Kosciusko
3. Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson
4. Chas. Bosley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard
5. Wilson & Nichol name gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific
6. Stakely Donelson names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats. Eighteen subs., viz.:

1. Hugh Kirkman names br. c. *Onolasko*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Wacousta
2. L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam
3. Henry Baldwin, jr., names b. c. *Ellenborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman
4. W. W. Gift names ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie
5. D. Hardeman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw, by Shawnee
6. A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Bellepeine by Imp. Strap
7. John S. Bryant names ch. f. *Cowlet*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab
8. Head & Wooden name ch. c. *Geo. W. Cheatham*, by Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons Tonson
9. Geo. W. Cheatham names br. f. *Ellen Call*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles
10. N. Davis names b. c. *Bissextile*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles
11. Livingston Leavell names ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger
12. James M. Newman names b. c. *Attila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins Conqueror
13. A. B. Newsam names br. c. *Tom Leefe*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant
14. Samuel Ragland names b. c. *John Randolph*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke
15. Palie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar
16. Jas. Jackson names Imp. ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius
17. Also, gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Gallopade by Imp. Catton
18. Jas. Kirkman names Imp. b. c. *Riddlesworth*, by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse, for the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. SAMUEL & JOHN CARTER, *Proprietors.*

Nashvile, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1839.—[Sept. 7]

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidico*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names b. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col. Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five scribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett	W. W. Bacon	J. W. Fenwick
S. Burbridge	J. A. Holden	

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Taylce names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hompton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839. A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d1

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md.	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" "	Kingsbury Trotting Course, 2d Monday, Oct. 14.
Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
Boonville, Mo.	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Bean's Station, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Camden, N. J.	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, Nov. 4.
Cynthiana, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Clinton, Ala.	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Columbia S. C.	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
Columbus, Ga.	Western Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Cincinnati, Ohio	J. C. Fall Meeting, postponed to 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
Fort Smith, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Frankfort, Ky.	Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
Galveston, Texas	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
Holly Springs, Miss.	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
Livingston, Ala.	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
Limestone Springs, S C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Oct.
Mecklenburg Co., Va.	Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
Macon, Ga.	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 11th Nov.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
New Franklin, Mo.	and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
Nashville, Tenn.	Jockey Club Second Fall Meeting 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
New York City	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
" "	Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
" "	Centreville Trotting Course, Sweepstakes 2d week in Oct.
" "	Beacon Course Trotting Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
Oxford, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Raymond, Miss.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov
" "	Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
Raleigh, N. C.	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
Rome, Ga.	Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Selma, Ala.	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
St. Louis, Mo.	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
Springfield, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
Van Buren, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
Washington, D. C.	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.

PECULIARITIES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A Capital Satire.—When the Duke of Wellington was elevated to the Premiership, in 1833, the London papers teemed with 'very substantial and absurd accounts' of his Grace's habits, in ridicule of which the following burlesque article appeared in 'The Examiner.' It was written by the celebrated Albany Fonblanque, the editor of that paper:—

'The Duke of Wellington generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap; and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune, and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke of Wellington uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and some times he blows out one cheek, sometimes the other, to present a better surface to the razor. When he is dressed he goes down to breakfast, and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does rather rapidly; following it up with three hasty wipes of his handkerchief, which he instantly afterwards deposites in the right hand coat pocket.

The Duke of Wellington's pockets are in the skirts of his coat, and the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal flaps, which has given the world an erroneous opinion of their position. The Duke of Wellington drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar, and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid two or three times with a spoon before he raises it to his lips. The Duke of Wellington eats toast and butter, cold ham, tongue, fowls, beef, or eggs, and sometimes both meat and eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. During breakfast, the Duke of Wellington has a newspaper either in his hand, or else on the table, or in his lap. The Duke of Wellington's favourite is *The Examiner*. After breakfast the Duke of Wellington stretches himself out and yawns. He then pokes the fire and whistles. If there is no fire, he goes to the window and looks out. At about ten o'clock the General Post letters arrive. The Duke of Wellington seldom or never inspects the superscription, but at once breaks the seal and applies himself to the contents. The Duke of Wellington appears sometimes displeased with his correspondents, and says *pshaw!* in a clear, loud voice. About this time the Duke of Wellington retires for a few minutes, during which it is impossible to account for his motions with the desirable precision.

At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the Duke's horse is brought to the door. The Duke's horse on this occasion is always saddled and bridled. The Duke's horse is ordinarily the same white horse he rode at Waterloo, and which was eaten by the hounds at Strathfieldsaye. His hair is of a chesnut color. Before the Duke goes out, he has his hat and gloves brought to him by a servant. The Duke of Wellington always puts the hat on his head, and the gloves on his hands. The Duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo. His Grace first takes the rein in his left hand, which he lays on the horse's mane, he then puts his left foot in the stirrup, with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle; he then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to a walk, and seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian. When acquaintances and friends salute the Duke in the street, such is his affability that he either bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their civility in some way or other. The Duke of Wellington very commonly says, "How are you?"—"It's a fine day,"—"How d'ye do?"—and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, and the dust or the mud, as it may be.

At twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Duke's Master comes to teach him his Political Economy. The Duke makes wonderful progress in his studies, and his instructor is used pleasantly to observe, that "the Duke gets on like a house on fire." At the Treasury the Duke of Wellington does nothing but think. He sits on a leather library chair, with his heels and a good part of his legs on the table. When thus in profound thought, he very frequently closes his eyes for hours together, and makes an extraordinary and rather appalling noise through his nose. Such is the Duke of Wellington's devotion to business that he eats no luncheon. In the House of Lords, the Duke's manner of proceeding is this—he walks up to the fire-place, turns his back to it, separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter and sinister arms, thrusts his hands in his breeches' pockets, and so stands at ease. The characteristic of the Duke's oratory is a brevity the next thing to silence. As brevity is the soul of wit, it may confidently be affirmed that in this quality Lord North and Sheridan were fools compared with him.

FALLING STARS (BRESLAW).

[From the Prussian State Gazette.]

Statement of the great fall of stars in the night of the 10th of August, 1839:—

"The sky has been again particularly propitious for observing another fall of stars. On many days and nights preceding the 10th, the heavens had been so covered that we could not observe when the uncommonly frequent fall of stars commenced. On August 10, however, our hopes of seeing the phenomena increased, owing to the clearness of the weather, and we were perfectly satisfied towards night-time. Already, as early as dusk, an extraordinary fall of stars began. It was not, however, sufficient to count the numbers that fell; it was desirable also to measure the time of their appearance, and of the continuance of their fall, according to Franzmann's instrument, which beats thirds of seconds, and moreover, to ascertain their relative light and apparent course in the heavens, and all these observations could commence only at 26 minutes past 9, when all the observers, 15 in number, were assembled, occupying six windows of the observatory. Four gentlemen took care to observe and register the time of each appearance, according to two clocks. Till 14 minutes past 3, when dawn put a stop to the observations, they noticed 1,008 falling stars, not including numbers which must have been overlooked, because the number of observers was insufficient. Sometimes the stars succeeded so rapidly, that nothing but the time could be noted down. The courses of only 977 have therefore been marked upon the star-maps, with all the circumstances relative to them. The following result is as near the exact truth as possible:—Five stars appeared as bright as Venus, 14 as Jupiter, 238 as stars of the first magnitude; 354 were noted of the second, and 257 of the third magnitude; 101 were reckoned smaller still, and the size of eight was omitted in the hurry; 273 exhibited themselves with tails.

It is useless to mention the apparent paths of the stars, inasmuch as they varied according to the places of observation; but we may just infer from that circumstance the possibility of measuring their distance and height from the earth. We therefore wish for corresponding observations in foreign countries. Three of our zealous observers devoted the following night also to science, and saw 323 falling stars, whilst the sky was partly covered. In the night of August 12, an observer counted 103 more, from 10 o'clock to 45 past 1. Therefore the annual periodical return of an uncommon fall of stars towards the 10th of August is once more confirmed, as well as that the passage of this host of meteors near the earth lasts several days. If it were possible, with the aid of corresponding observations, to calculate the direction of their passage with reference to the movement of the earth and their rapidity, we should then be able to form a notion of the extent which these multitudes of stars occupy in space.

"Breslaw, August 14, 1839. Von Boguslowski."

A FISHING SCRAPE.

"When I goes a-catin', I goes a-catin'."

This is an old saying, and its meaning a good one. We introduce it, however, at this time, to relate a singular occurrence which transpired a day or two since, at a fishing party.

A number of gentlemen of this city—

"Jolly good fellows, every one"

by-the-bye—went to the lake end of the new Canal, for the purpose of fishing Arrived there, the party cast their lines; they waited, and waited patiently. A quarter of an hour passed—no bite—no nibble.

"What the d——l is the matter with the fish to-day?" said L——e.

"Why, they are not hungry," said P——r.

"I expect they are afraid of yellow Jack," said Phil.

"Hallo,—hallo!—I've got one," said Bob, jumping up and running ten or twelve paces—"I've got a fine cat;" at the same time extending his rod, and placing it between a large cat-fish and water mockeson, which by some means had become united mouth to mouth. Extending his rod, and placing it between them, he brought both from the canal and placed them on *terra firma*. The snake instantly "put" for his native element, while the poor cat-fish remained *floundering* about, to the astonishment of all the party, who had, by this time, gathered around the scene of action

This account is strictly true; but the wonder is how the cat-fish came in contact with the snake. Our own opinion is, that like the "Kilkenny *cats*," they were endeavoring to swallow one another.

We advise the pleasure-seeking, fishing party, the next time they go a-fishing, to catch cats if they *want* cats; or snakes if they *want* snakes. But do not, gentlemen, again try to fish for snakes and cat-fish both at the same time. Stick to the motto—"when I goes a-catin', I goes a-catin'"—if you want any thing but a fisherman's luck, Picayune.

Advertising Wives.—This ridiculous practice, originating among the vulgar, in a total misapprehension of the social compact, and inability to appreciate the rational enjoyments of association between the sexes, is carried to a length which is totally unpardonable. Persons who have voluntarily entered into matrimonial bonds, can have no right to inflict their private griefs or troubles upon the public. We have seen several odd specimens of wife-advertising, and husband-advertising, but we think the following "beats all natur," in the way of rebutter and rejoinder. It is cut from the Jeffersonville (Ia.) Journal. The eloquent "exflunctifications" of the gentle Mrs. Flood are a caution to all Hoosiers.

My Wife, *Nancy Flood*, has left me without cause or provocation. I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting. She is a trifling, good-for-nothing jade, "any way you can fix it." I warn all "*darkies*" against harboring, feeding, or running away with her, under penalty of having their peepers *blackened*, and their noses *mashed* until they are as flat as trenchers.

aug 22 Jesse M. Flood.

Very clear of it!—Jesse M. Flood, a fellow who *calls* me his wife, has wickedly showed me the bottom of his foot, and not satisfied with running away between supper and breakfast, the *slab sided lantern-jawed* rascal has advertised me for a "*jade!*" What he says about me is as false as he is trifling. He has "*cleared the kitchen*," leaving me his children to feed without a cent of money. I made him a good wife, but he is a sour, ill-natured, reel-footed, and bandy-legged scamp. He can't transmopolate a particle of syllogistical *science*, nor can he fusmulticate the least fenso-cosnostiveness from the vulganatorial mind of an idoidisticated wife. I caution all transfulmanatorial girls from having anything to do with him, as he has a white *liver*. Hoping that he will continue to "*measure*" *dirt*, and never show his *hatchet face* in these parts again, I remain, Nancy Flood.

The Press of Spain.—The following is the way they do things in Spain, as regards the press, and it seems really worth the notice of the Tories when they come again into power. The Madrid Official Gazette, of the 8th, contains a decree as follows:—Her Majesty the Queen Regent having been informed by her Council of Ministers that the safety of the State imperiously demanded the suspension of the journal called *El Guirriguay* (*Anglice* '*The Toad*,') published daily in Madrid, her Majesty has resolved upon ordering the publication of the said journal to be suspended until such time as the Government shall be able to render an account to the Cortes of this determination, and of the grave motives upon which it is based." In this country there is less need of these sudden *suspensions*, seeing that the lying which is indulged in by some journals, is the best antidote to any michief which it may meditate. Eng. Paper.

"Please Exchange," as the printer said ven he offered his heart to a beautiful girl." Ib.

SITUATION WANTED AS TRAINER.

THE subscriber having had considerable experience as a trainer in the Middle and Southern States, is desirous of getting a permanent situation. Satisfactory references will be given to any gentleman wishing to employ. J. K. DAWSON.
Scotland Neck, N. C.—[sept 28–4t]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.
First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:
1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter.
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE races over the *Camden Course* will commence on Monday, the 4th Nov. next, and continue four days
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds (closed).
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Fifty dollars will be given by the Club for a Sweepstake on each day, to be run for immediately after the main race.
[sept 21—6t] WM. KENNEDY, *Secretary.*

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) RACES.

THE races at this place will commence the first Monday, 7th October, and continue six days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Ten subs. and closed.
Second day—Three mile heats, $15 entrance, free for all.
Third day—Two mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.
Fourth day Mile heats, $10 entrance, free for all.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $10 entrance, free for all.
Sixth day—A Post Stake, Two mile heats, $100 entrance.
Immediately after each regular race, the Club will give the following:
First day, $15 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Second day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Third day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free for all.
Fourth day, $5 for Sweepstakes, One mile out, free for all.
Fifth day, $10 for Sweepstakes, Mile heats, free only for unkept saddle horses.
The purses will be equal to last year. The track is now in fine order, is one of the most beautiful, and for time, is equal to any in the State. Fine sport is anticipated
SAML. OTTERSON, *Sec.* and *Treas.*
Limestone Springs, S.C., 3d September, 1839.—[sept21]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off over the above course, the 2d week in Oct. next
1st Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse. Twenty five dollars entrance, and fifty dollars added by the Proprietor.
2d Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $50; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.
3d Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse over $100; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.
4th Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all horses; $50 entrance, and $100 added by the Proprietor.
5th Stake, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle, for horses that never trotted for money, $25 entrance, and $25 added by the Proprietor.
In either of the above stakes three or more entries to make a race. The above stakes will close on Saturday, the 5th October, on or before 8 o'clock. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor at Barker's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre. In the event of a horse's walking over for either stake, no addition to it will be made by the Proprietor. JOEL CONKLIN.
Centreville, L. I., Sept. 5th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.
C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.
Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE races over the *Union Course*, Long Island, will commence on the 2d Tuesday in October, and continue three days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, and closed, viz.:
1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Imp. Barefoot
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark
5. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Shark
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Shark
7. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free only for 3 year olds that never won a race, ent. $20. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 20th of September.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Of the above purses, the sums of $50, $100, and $200, will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia rules; but if only one horse shall start, then the purses will be $250, $300, and $500. But the proprietors propose, that if the owners of Langford, Decatur, Hornblower, and Shadow, will enter into an inside stake (by the 15th September) of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, that *they* will give an additional sum of $300 to the second best, which would make the second best, if one of these three horses, draw $500 on the four mile day.
Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Now two subscribers, and several more expected. To name and close on the 15th Sept. Three or more to make a race.
Other mile heat purses may be given. If so, due notice will be given.
New York, August 31, 1839.—[4t] D. H. BRANCH.
Memo.—The BEACON COURSE races will commence on the 5th Tuesday, the 29th of October—particulars in time.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over this Course, will commence the 3d Tuesday, the 15th of Oct., and continue four days.
First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats; eleven subscribers, and closed, viz.:
1. David McDaniel names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Vashti.
2. W. R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
3. J. D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
4. C. Hatcher (for E. J. Wilson) names gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out Nancy Norwood.
5. J. S Corbin names Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My La
6. J. K. Vanmater names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller.
7. Also, Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
8. Wm. Gibbons names br. c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o'
9. Wm. Jones names b c. *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove.
10. Geo. Goodwyn names br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem.
11. B. B Cunningham names bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. Closed the 1st Sept., with six subscribers, viz.:
1. J. D. Kirby names br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gohanna.
2. I. Puckett names ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Medley.
3. W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of S. Hardaway's Omega.
4. J. K. Van Mater names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emilius.
5. Also, Imp bl c. *Cumberland*, by Camel.
6. D. McDaniel names b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P P; Four mile heats Closed 1st Sept., with three subs., viz.:
W. R Johnson. Chas. Hatcher. O. P. Hare.
Fourth day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same day—A Match race for $2000 a side, $500 forfeit, between
Mr. E. Colman's ch c 3 years old, by Star, out of Malinda, and
Mr. J. D. Kirby's br c. 3 years old, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid
[sept 21–4t] WM. N. FRIEND.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE stakes upon this Course having closed at an earlier period than usual, several nominations were in consequence made too late for admission To meet the wishes of such as have been thus disappointed, a new stake is opened, which will close on the 1st of October, to which they are requested to renew their subscription, viz:
A Sweepstake for all 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300, forfeit $100; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October, and to come off on the 2d day of the races.
Trenton, Sept. 10th, 1839—[sept21] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.
First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.
Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.
Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.
Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.
And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1600, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.
Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race.
BY THE PROPRIETORS
New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

THE following purses will be given over the above Course, to commence on the 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct., and continue four days.
First day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never trotted for a purse; Two mile heats in harness.
Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats under the saddle.
Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats under the saddle.
Same day, at 4 o'clock Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, except the winner of the second purse; Two mile heats in harness.
Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the Ice Poney; Two mile heats in harness
Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for pacing horses that never won a purse of $200; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.
Fourth day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $150, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, except the winner of the fifth purse; Two mile heats under the saddle.
Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $250, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats in harness.
All entries to be made the day previous, at the Course, at or before 4 o'clock.
Club Tickets, $5. Tickets for the Stands, 50 cents. [sept 14]

CINCINNATI RACES.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839, will commence on Monday, 14th October, and continue six days.
First day, Monday—Proprietor's Purse $300, for 3 year olds only, Two mile heats.
Second day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub $100 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th August.
For this race six subscribers are expected.
Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Ky.; Mile heats
Third day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a beautiful Tea Sett (silver); the amount of entrance to be governed by the number of entries. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.
Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub $100 each; the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the race; to name at the Judges' Stand previous to the hour of starting.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800
Sixth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in gold, Mile heats.
If three or more start, the second best to receive $100 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.
[sept 14–3t] LEWIS SANDERS, *Agent.*

REGATTA.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA of the Amateur Boat Club Association will take place at Castle Garden, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 1st of October next, and will consist of three orders of races, one for four oared boats, and one for six oared, both of which will be open to all boats, without regard to length, and without the customary assessment or entrance money; and another, of such of the six oared boats of the Association exclusively, as do not take part in the general race. There will be two prizes for the four oared boats, two for the six oared boats of the Association, and for the general race of six oared boats, three prizes, all of which will be rich prizes of Plate. The Association, desirous of cultivating a friendly intercourse with the like Associations and Clubs of neighboring cities, and of comparing models and skill in oarsmanship, extend their invitation to Clubs of those places as well as to those of this city. All Clubs desirous of participating will be required to communicate their intention, with the name of the boat and a list of the crew, on or before Thursday, the 26th of September, instant, to
GEO. A BROWN,
[sept 14] Secretary of the A. B. C. Association, 17 Broad street.

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.
We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.
The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October. WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.
Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10–10t.]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bonnie*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantin-Ha*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Anora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee.

BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1842, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,		

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Haulin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 403 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet same attention as personal application.

☞ Communications for the Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out: Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania. by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,

Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE

WILL be at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing Races, (which commence on the 17th Sept.) and will be sold or let out for the ensuing season. His colts are very superior, both as to form and power. W. LIVINGSTON.

Richmond, Staten Island, Aug. 28, 1839.

The following letter to Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., who imported him, from FRANCIS B. OGDEN, Esq., the American Consul at Liverpool, gives Trustee's pedigree and performances:—

LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket Meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom Meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lbs.,) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D. I., 8 subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August Meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb.; two miles.

At the Doncaster September Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating b. c. Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 against Malibran, 9 to 2 against Trustee, and 8 to 1 against Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Healey and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Grey, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Sora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom was Tarrare, winner of the St Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom Meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 yr. olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subs.; 14 started, beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 against Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

Trustee's leg will make him unfit ever to be trained again, but will never injure him as a stallion. May he live long, and his offspring do credit to their sire!

[Aug. 31-6t] Yours truly, FRAS. B. OGDEN.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton	Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe	

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe	Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers	Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford	

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers	Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton	

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliett & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Im

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 28—Will be presented a favorite Opera, with other entertainments.
MONDAY, Sept. 30—FIDELIO and THE SPITFIRE.
TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Mr. GIUBILEI'S First Benefit in America. On this night Gov. SEWARD and suite will visit the Theatre.
WEDNESDAY, Oct 2—First night of LA GAZZA LADRA.
THURSDAY, Oct. 3—A favorite Opera, and other entertainments.
FRIDAY, Oct. 4—The same.

NEW CHATHAM THEATRE.

A CARD.—Miss E. RANDOPH respectfully informs the public that her Benefit is fixed for Tuesday evening, Oct. 1st, 1839, on which occasion her sister, Miss RANDOLPH, will make her first appearance before a New York audience.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, will be performed, with a powerful cast, THE LOVE CHASE; Constance (as played by her in all the Western and Southern Theatres), Miss E. Randolph; Widow Green, Miss Randolph. After which, Miss Randolph and Miss E. Randolph will appear and dance the TAMBOUR MAJOR JIG! A variety of other entertainments, which will be expressed in the bills of the day. The whole to conclude with (first time) a highly amusing afterpiece arranged for and presented to Miss E. Randolph by Mr Flynn, entitled A DAY IN NEW YORK! in which Miss E. Randolph will sustain five characters.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—
The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.
Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.
Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21-10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession.

WM. R. HART,
[jy 27] Proprietor and Manager.

Things Theatrical.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

The wonted cheerful aspect of our theatrical speculations has this week been changed to sorrowful regret, by the destruction of the National theatre by fire. On the afternoon of Monday last a fire broke out in that beautiful theatre, and in the shortest space the entire edifice was in ruins, and the surrounding buildings to which the fire extended were alike rapidly destroyed. Nothing could exceed the fury of the devouring element, fed as it was in the theatre by the most inflammable materials. The flames leaped into the air, and were swayed from side to side by gusts of wind, and so rapidly communicated their deplorable ruin, that almost in less time than the reader has bestowed on this paragraph, every building destined to be involved in the common calamity was wrapt in flames—the spectator who arrived ten minutes after the first alarm was unable to conjecture the source of the conflagration, so instantaneously did it spread from the theatre to the churches in its neighborhood.

When first we had leisure to reflect upon the consequences of this destruction to our theatrical interests, our sympathies were instantaneously aroused for the hundred humble sufferers by the common ruin, who from the very nature of their position in society, could look for no adequate recompense for their losses. Every one deplored the misfortunes of the whole company, and particularly that portion of it situated as we have hinted. We are happy, however, to have it in our power to state, that neither the business of the company, nor its integrity, has been broken up by the unlooked-for calamity. Mr. WALLACK has secured for the next three months the use of Niblo's new theatre, and there on Tuesday next will the old company open, with no defections from their own ranks, and with a thousand new friends to swell the number of their old ones. Sincerely do we rejoice at this magical re-instalment of the company in a house fitted for their appearance, and we doubt not that at Niblo's on the 1st of October they will be greeted by such a number of their old friends, as plainly to signify how firm is the hold which Mr. Wallack and his present company have taken upon the good will of our citizens.

The Park.—"Fidelio" on Wednesday evening gave place to "Cinderella," an opera better known to our citizens than any other that has been produced in the country. We had become so enamoured of "Fidelio," that the change was not a welcome one to our individual taste, though it was unquestionably called for by the public. It is satisfactory to record that in "Cinderella," on both nights we have heard it, the company was entirely successful, although both Mrs. MARTYN and Mr. MANVERS were suffering from illness, and although on one night Mr. Martyn, himself, was not quite right. No lady who has preceded her has produced a more favorable impression in *Cinderella* than has Mrs. Martyn, save alone the transcendent Mrs. WOOD. It is idle to say anything of favorite passages, because "every inch of the ground" is known to the most casual playgoer.

The part of Baron *Pompolino* has never been so well sang at the Park theatre as at present by Signor GIUBELEI. PLACIDE *plays* it inimitably, and sings it with accuracy, but in the hands of the new man the music is amazingly pleasing. Nor does he *play* the part ill; he does it better, in fact, than any man we ever saw in it, save Placide alone, who has for several years made it entirely his own. Mr. Manvers has been so hoarse, that an apology has been made for him; yet he went through, and received applause throughout. Mr Martyn sings better than he plays, but we are not in the mood to enter with any enthusiasm upon the discussion of an opera which, favorite as it is with the public, never stirred us like the other compositions of the same master. It should be added, however, that FISHER is "coming it a little too strong" in his part; he "outherods Herod," and should be told so.

TAGLIONI had a brilliant benefit on Tuesday, and though she seemed to us suffering from lassitude and illness, she never danced better, and the applause was never louder and more hearty. She will leave our shores shortly in the 'British Queen," to the great regret of all play-goers and admirers of the ballet.

Miss POOLE took her benefit on Saturday last. We could not say it last week, lest it should injure her house, but the manager should have given her any night but Saturday. Nothing will draw that night, and it was hard so to sacrifice so pretty a woman. She sang on the occasion one of the prettiest ballads ever heard, called "*Wapping old Stairs;*" in character it is not unlike "*Black-eyed Susan,*" which Mrs. Wood used ever to sing for her benefit. Miss Poole should continue to be brought before the public as often as possible with her songs and smiles; she is to be, nay, she is now, an immense favorite, and she will not be allowed to leave the land, we hope. In "Cinderella" there is no scope for the display of her fine powers.

On Monday night "Fidelio" is to be repeated at this house, for which we are thankful, and on Wednesday "La Gazza Ladra" is to be produced. No announcement could give us greater delight; it is the most delicious opera, to our ear, that ROSSINI ever composd, and cast, as they will be abler now to do it, at the Park, it will test, accurately, the good taste of the town. The simple recollection of its varied beauties, excites a thrill of pleasure such as we rarely derive from a theatrical entertainment;—there is a trio in the first act, to hear which would repay a pilgrimage.

Tuesday next is assigned for the benefit of M. Giubelei. He is probably the most distinguished artist in the troupe; and, with the exception of FORNISARI, the best bass singer we have had in this country. We ask for him, therefore, an attendance proportionate to his merits.

Mrs. Martyn had an excellent house last night, for her benefit,—the first she has taken in America. But every succeeding benefit which she may take, will e yet more crowded.

The National.—Under this head, we had proposed to ourselves last week to write a long critique upon Mr. KEAN; we have now but to annex the proceedings of a meeting which was held at the Astor House on Thursday evening, called by the friends of Mr. WALLACK, to take into consideration plans for procuring him a new theatre, on a more eligible site. The meeting was numerously attended, and the results may be found below.

It is due to Mr. Kean to state that he has displayed a generosity of feeling towards Mr. Wallack in his calamity, worthy of all honor and admiration; he has relinquished the whole amount of salary which would accrue to him from his first twelve nights. Such conduct needs no comment.

Mr. Vandenhoff will appear in the character of Hamlet, at the New National Theatre, Niblo's Garden, on Tuesday evening, the 1st October, Mr. Kean being compelled by the terms of his engagement with Mr. Maywood, to perform at Philadelphia the coming week.

We are pained to hear that Mr. RANGER has been so ill for the last ten days, as to be confined to his bed; he is now, however, convalescent, and will soon be out. His illness prevented him from playing at Baltimore, as he had purposed.

Miss CLIFTON has just returned from a successful engagement at Baltimore; she is looking as ever, the most queen-like of beauties.

BURTON succeeded her at the *Holiday Street* house, which is now under the management of ABBOTT.

We have mislaid a note from a New Orleans subscriber, cautioning the profession not to venture in that city or Mobile, till late in the season; the epidemic now raging there is frightfully dangerous for strangers, and the humane note of our correspondent we should have published, but for the above accident.

At a large and respectable meeting of the friends of JAMES W. WALLACK, Esq., held by appointment at the Astor House, on the evening of the twenty-sixth of September, instant, M. M. NOAH was called to the chair, and EPES SARGENT and JAMES F. OTIS were chosen Secretaries.

General SANFORD proposed the following resolutions, with some appropriate and eloquent remarks. After which, the resolutions were adopted unanimously:—

1. *Resolved*, That this meeting deeply sympathise with *Mr. James W. Wallack* in the heavy loss sustained in the recent destruction of the National Theatre by fire, and bear willing testimony to his enterprise, zeal, and liberality, in engaging the very best talent that England or this country could afford; and also to the highly respectable, orderly, and proper manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of manager of that establishment.

2. *Resolved*, That this meeting learn with pleasure that the eminent talent secured for the National Theatre, instead of being broken and dispersed, is still concentrated and united, and will appear the ensuing week at the new theatre at Niblo's Garden.

3. *Resolved*, That we will continue to support Mr. Wallack and his company, at that house, with the same cordiality of feeling and good will that have been manifested towards him while presiding over the National Theatre.

4. *Resolved*, That the time has arrived when a Metropolitan Theatre, corresponding with the wealth and population of this metropolis, should be erected on a suitable and convenient site; and that a committee of *ten* citizens be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration, to receive propositions for the same; also plans and designs, and to devise the necessary ways and means to carry into immediate effect the intentions of this meeting, and that when said theatre has been decided upon, and the necessary means for its completion adopted, it be placed under the management of Mr. WALLACK.

5. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted, by the chairman and secretaries, to Mr. Wallack, in behalf of this meeting.

The following gentlemen were elected the committee, under the fourth resolution—Philip Hone, Gerard H. Coster, J. Prescott Hall, Sam. Ward, Jr., O. Moran, D. E. Tyler, S. B. Ruggles, Anthony Barclay, Thos. E. Davis, Robert Emmet, M. M. Noah, James F. Otis, Epes Sargent.

It was then, on motion, *Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of the day.

The meeting then, on motion, adjourned to meet at the same place this night week, to receive the report of the committee. M. M. NOAH, Chairman.

EPES SARGENT, } Secretaries.
JAMES F. OTIS. }

MR. PARSONS.—We have received the following note from Mr. Parsons, by which it will be seen that the anticipation of his returning to the Stage will not be fulfilled, although we made our publication on what we considered very good grounds, and doubt not our friend of the Cincinnati Republican did the same. It will be seen by the note, too, that *he had* such intention, although certain considerations may have induced him to forego it:— Louisville City Gazette.

MR. MARSHALL: *Dear Sir,*—Although it has never been my custom to pay much attention to idle rumors, yet the one now afloat demands refutation.

In the first place. I have no intention *ever* to return to the profession I have recently abandoned; and secondly, with the assisting grace of God, will *never* withdraw from either the church or ministry—looking for my reward not here, but hereafter—deeming it my peculiar glory to serve in the ranks of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to be found *always* a soldier of the Cross.

The misapprehension of my friends has been a venial one; but lest those at a distance should draw wrong conclusions, be pleased to give this a place in your paper. C. B. PARSONS.

OVERTURE.

A MUSICO-GRAPHICAL ODE.

The leader now takes his seat—takes his seat;
As signal, then, taps his bow—taps his bow!
In one long swell now they meet—now they meet;
In one loud CRASH now they go—now they go!

They're going, and they're going; O list now, only mind 'em;
They're going, as a devil were a-coming up behind 'em.
The fiddles seem determined that the trumpets shall not stop them;
It is plain, sir, 'tis in vain, sir, for any one to stop them.
When, list!—a cadence—gentle—low;
A movement—melancholy—slow;
Sad pathos falls upon the ear,
Like a moaning wind—now far, now near;
Till joyous passion burst again
Like the sweeping breeze o'er the gladdened main;
And music's tide rolls o'er the strand,
To wake the echoes of the land!

Once more it ebbs in gentle notes,
A dying sound through ether floats;
And now—a pause—a silence deep,
(You'd think the fiddlers were asleep);
When, hark! they wake—they mount—they swell,
And at it rush again pell-mell,
Like greedy fox-hounds through the dell,
Or o'er the open heath!
Up hill, down dale, through wood and plain
They fly, and double back again;
And though they run the *fox* in vain,
Themselves run out of breath!

Air.

Now, like oil o'er water thrown,
Solo flute, in gentlest tone,
Stills the brazen trumpet's cry
With its silvery melody.

Symphony.

Anon in tones delighting,
All instruments uniting.

Air repeated.

Again, in full orchestral chorus,
Comes the air more loudly o'er us!
Oh, now, *is* it *not* most charming?
Charming—charming—charming—charming!
Oh, now, *is* it *not* most charming?

Once more a strain mysterious comes—
A pause—a note—a roll of drums!
They join again!—'twas but the call
To muster quick the fiddlers all!
Oh, bravo, bravo! *non c'e male,*
Never did you hear *il tale;*
Lo! they reach the grand *finale,*
Soon 'twill all be done:
Now they go like pelting racers—
Quicker, quicker! cut away, sirs!
Bravo, bravo, bravo every one!
Louder, louder! Drummers thump it!
Quicker, louder, split your trumpet!
Going, going, going, going;
Going, going, going, going—GONE! [Fraser's Magazine.

VAN AMBURGH IN PARIS.

PORTE ST. MARTIN.—The announcement that the celebrated Van Amburgh whose real extraordinary power over the most fierce and hitherto tameless denizens of the forest had long since preceded him from the banks of the Thames was to appear at this theatre on Friday night, in the midst of his savage familiars, was quite an event among all ranks of sight-hunters in Paris, eager to see the man to whom the most ferocious tigers are but crouching slaves, and under whose piercing eye the monarch of the brute creation feels his mighty spirit cowed and overmastered. When, however, the crowds arrived at the doors on the evening in question, an ominous band across the *affiche* acquainted them that their curiosity would not be gratified for that night. In fact, the authorities, who probably had been introduced to a private audience of Mr. Van Amburgh's friends, found reason to apprehend that, though on the best possible terms with that gentleman himself, they had not yet been a sufficiently long period resident in France to have quite learned the *bienseances* due to a Parisian public, and feared that an ill-fastened door, or too wide an aperture between the bars of their cage, might have given room for an intimacy between the animals and their admiring spectators, the reverse of agreeable to the latter. The period of postponement was, therefore, devoted to providing additional securities for the public against the possibility of any accident; and on Saturday night the performance took place, before an audience closely packed, from the ground to the ceiling. The first piece was *Victorine*, one of the prettiest of the *repertoire*, but it passed in "inexplicable dumb-show," for the anxiety to see the great attractions of the night was far too tumultuous to allow a single syllable to be heard or attended to. At length—for every thing has an end—*Victorine* was over, but not the troubles of the heated and anxious spectator, for *La Fille de l'Emir* (so the drama written for the introduction of the animals is called) began, and proceeded lengthily scene after scene, without gratifying the longing audience with a sight of the object of their wishes. The public, however, were patient; but we would not for a trifle be the object of the "curses not loud but deep" lavished upon the authors at every change of scene which took place, without bringing Mr. Van Amburgh and his confederates before their eyes. Of the drama it is unnecessary to say a word: had it possessed all the merits of the classic and romantic schools—of Racine and Victor Hugo united, which we rather think, however, it did not—it would have passed unnoticed. At length something was dropped by the Sultan *Abdoul-Rhaman* touching one of the characters, named *Ahmed*, being thrown into the den of the wild beasts to be devoured, the announcement which at once set every spectator on the *qui vive!* and which was rewarded by a loud and long round of applause. As this *Ahmed* was marching to his death we understood him to ask permission to see his child, and on its being brought he declares that the infant is not his, but that it is the offspring of *Said*, his great enemy at the Sultan's Court, and, throwing it into the den of animals, bids the father go and seek it there. *Said*, who is no other than Mr. Van Amburgh, now at length appears in *propria persona* in the midst of his terrible companions, consisting of three enormous lions and a lioness, two or three immense tigers, and several leopards and panthers, the whole of whom fear and obey him with the docility of a lady's spaniel; the largest and most ferocious of the monsters crouch before him as their master, while the smaller and more playful of the forest tribe caress him as a friend.—He strikes and excites the most savage of them by blows, until their rage becomes terrible to witness, when, at the first amicable motion or friendly pat from his hand, they exhibit the tameness and even cordiality of a favourite domestic animal. A spectacle more curiously interesting, and at the same time terrible, it is nearly impossible to imagine. The terror, we should state, arises wholly from the contemplation of the enormous strength and tremendous proportions of most of the animals, the length of whose teeth and claws made more than one of the audience not a little grateful for the cautious vigilance of the police, although the calm security of Van Amburgh, and his complete command over the animals necessarily prevent any thing like serious alarm. Some years since, it will be recollected, that M. Martin exhibited some wild beasts at one of the theatres in Paris, and likewise entered their den, but no resemblance can be said to exist between the two exhibitions. Setting aside the vast superiority in the appearance of the present animals, which are among the finest which have been seen in Europe, the wary intercourse of M. Martin with his menagerie, compared with the command exercised by Mr. Van Amburgh, was the mere display of a showman placed in comparison with the mastery which the scientific naturalist may be supposed to obtain over the most untameable of the brute creation by a close and philosophical attention to their natures and their habits. It is unnecessary to add that this really remarkable spectacle was successful, or that it will attract crowds in Paris, as it did in London, for a period of several months. London Morning Post.

PRAGUE, August 9.

Some time ago the following tragic occurrence made a deep impression in this capital:—Trubensee, an old orchestra conductor, known in Bohemia by several, though not very distinguished, compositions, had two daughters, his only wealth. The eldest displayed great disposition for music and acting, so that the father, who cultivated her natural talents with great care, could reckon on a comfortable old age, if his child were soon enabled to ascend the stage. The girl, who was particularly beautiful, having gone to confession, the priest happened to question her about her situation in life. She informed him of her prospects, and made him acquainted with her family affairs, when she was harshly rebuked by him, and threatened with eternal perdition if she did not resist the temptations of Satan, which were attracting her to the stage. The father, who in the course of his lessons soon remarked his daughter's refractoriness, endeavoured to overcome the impression made upon her by the priest's menaces, and did not fail in his turn to threaten the affrighted girl. The poor creature, being repeatedly harrassed from both quarters, fell into deep melancholy, and at length, intent upon putting an end to her wretched existence, threw herself from the top of a rock into one of the ditches surrounding the town, and fractured both her legs in her fall. She has since been cured in the hospital, but it will not be easy to restore her senses. She is at this moment in a state of complete insanity. The priest who, through his extreme zeal, has been the cause of this catastrophe, has received a letter from his superiors approving of his conduct. In spite of this misfortune the father had the courage to destine his second daughter for the stage, where she soon made her appearance; but her inferior talent meeting with no success she was hissed, and has since gone mad with disappointment. The poor old man is now reduced to misery with both his daughters. London Morning Post.

The HARPERS have just published a play entitled *Blanche of Navarre*, by JAMES, the novelist. We have not read it, nor seen it on the stage, and can therefore, only name it to readers of the "Spirit."

An old New Hampshire deacon used to say his wife had a certain receipt for testing the quality of indigo. It was to fill a milk-pan with pure water, and to sift some indigo on the surface; if the indigo was good, it would either sink or swim—she couldn't tell which. Picayune.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide,*" engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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